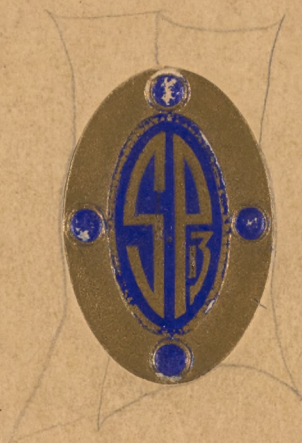
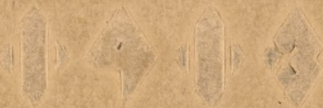


Dr. John W. Asahara & Son, New York



1913



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1110 Bank Street

Between 1st and 2nd Streets

What You Want

Baseball Bats

Baseball Mitts

Football Shoes

Gym and Tennis Shoes

Tennis Rackets, Balls & Nets

A Complete Line of

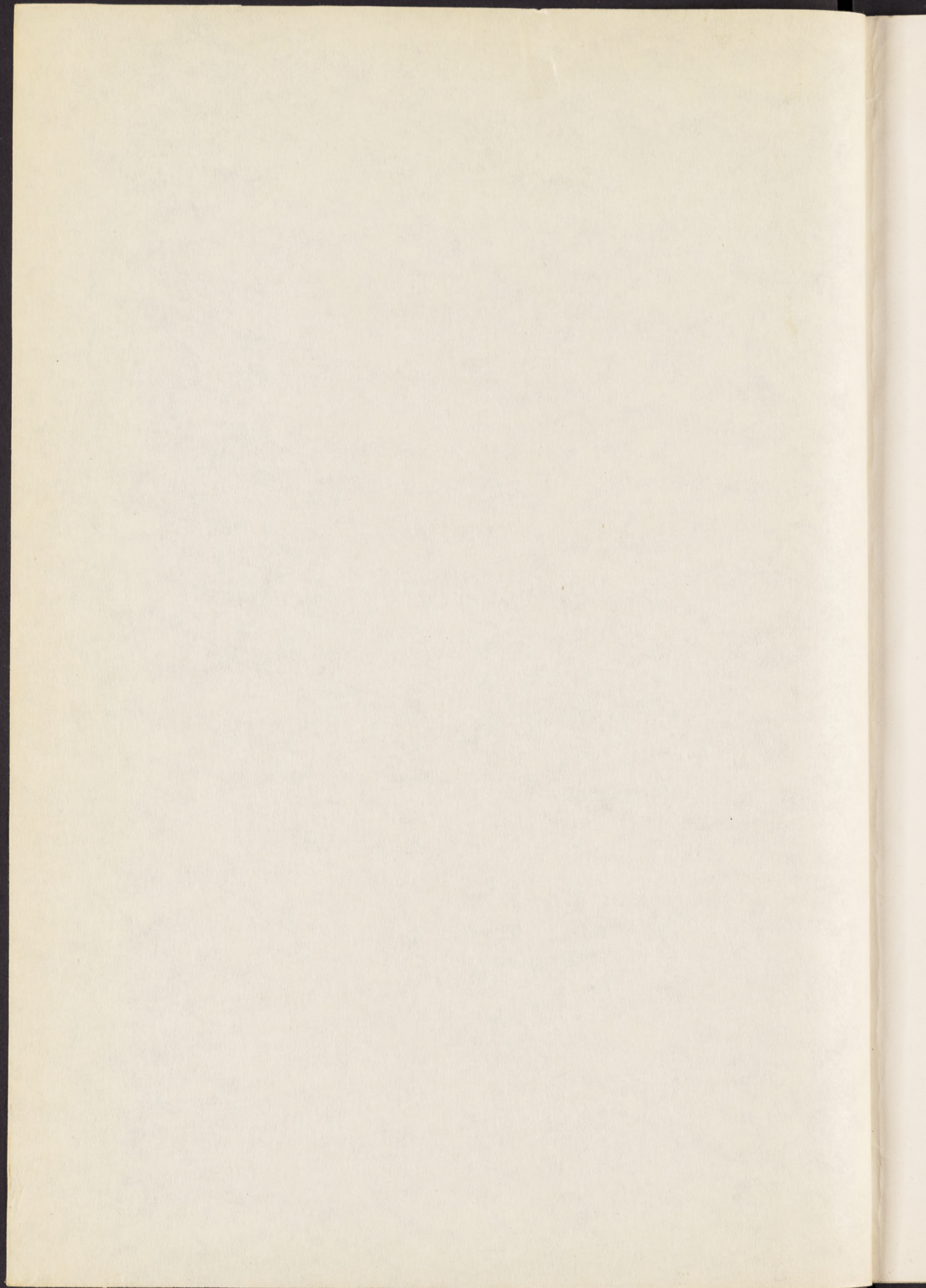
Baseball Gloves & Mitts

We will give you a Square Deal

Motorcycle and Bicycle Repair Shop

Opposite 1st St.

L. A. Hunt 1910



Don't Forget

R. L. PERKINS

1310 Bank Street

OPPOSITE THE HIGH SCHOOL

When You Want

Basketball Shoes

Baseball Shoes

Football Shoes

Gym and Tennis Shoes

Tennis Rackets, Balls & Nets

A Complete Line of

Baseball Gloves & Mitts

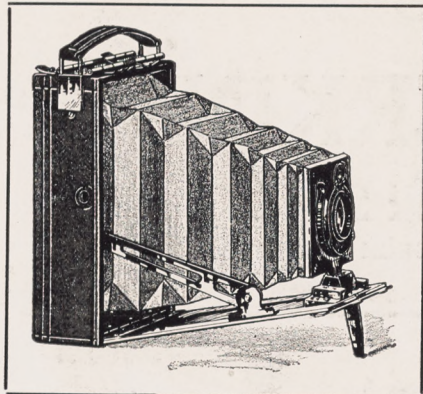
He will give you a Square Deal

Motorcycle and Bicycle Repair Shop

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1001 Mission Street, South Pasadena

Miss MacIntosh (correcting E. Wilde's selection on full force)---"Not quite so soft and tender, Miss Wilde."

Cope (stage whisper)---"Believe me. She's good on that tender stuff."

E. A. MERRITT

... DEALER IN ...

*Jewelry, Stationery, Men's Furnishings,
School Books and Supplies, Post
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I have added a complete line of Pennants, Banners, Pillow Covers, Badges
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SAY!!

DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
WELL, IF YOU DON'T, ASK SOMEBODY.
WATCH THE NEWSPAPERS.
I'VE COME TO SOUTH PASADENA FOR
A FEW YEARS TO TELL YOU TO BUY
HARDWARE AND THINGS OF THE

Live Hardware Company

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W. D. RANDO

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While You Wait

Corner Mission and Fair Oaks

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SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

Mr. Thomp. (to Physics class)---“Now, I would be delighted to hear less noise and more silence in the room.”

Lois Shorten (peeling an immense orange)—“Wouldn't take many oranges this size to make a dozen, would it girls?”

*KLASSY PEOPLE, who want a
BEKOMING HAIRCUT had
BETTER BEKOMING to*

SEARS' BARBER SHOP

*CLEANLINESS, EFFICIENCY, PROMPTNESS
and COURTESY IS OUR AIM*

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*We make or sell everything
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the complete automobile*

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Coast that can truthfully make this statement.

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6 cylinder 45 H. P. 2 or 5 Passenger . . \$2400
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SHOES**

FOR THE

Graduating Girl

And

For the Fellows Too

MORSE-HECKMAN SHOE CO.
34 N. Raymond Ave. PASADENA

Scrub---“Who holds the record here for high hurdles?”

Soph.---“Pinkey Perry.”

Scrub.---“What? A girl holds the record for high hurdles?”

Soph.---“Oh! I thought you said high girdles.”

**What Do You
Know About Tailoring?**

In view of the fact that the average individual is compelled to rely upon the tailor's integrity to receive the best, both in workmanship and material, it would seem reasonable that discrimination should be exercised in selecting your tailor.

We have been unusually successful in catering to the student, which speaks louder than pages of advertising.

May we enjoy *your* confidence?

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South Spring Street
Los Angeles

 **Haber & Co.**

From Twenty-five Up.

538
South Broadway
Los Angeles

South Pasadena Aseptic Barber Shop



If a shave or haircut perchance you should need,
Drop in at "Jim's" and you will surely succeed
In getting the same which will be done in a trice—
For he is a skilled workman and will fix you up nice.

South Pasadena Aseptic Barber Shop

JAMES V. AURIEMMA, Propr.

820 Fair Oaks Avenue

South Pasadena

Prof. Thomp.---"What affect has the moon on the tide?"
Dreamy-eyed Stude---"None. It usually affects the untied."

Orrilla Daggett (in Fresh. Eng.)---"Lord Marmion wore a falcon on
his mantel piece."

Royal Laundry Co.

465-67-69 SOUTH RAYMOND, PASADENA

*Finished
Wet Wash
Dry Cleaning
Shoe Repairs*

Phones 69



THE SUCCESS

of many a woman's appearance depends upon the neatness of her apparel.

FRENCH DRY CLEANING

keeps your garments as immaculate, fresh and dainty as when new and insures a charming appearance for every woman.

BON MARCHE DYE WORKS

MERIDIAN AND EL CENTRO

Both Phones

South Pasadena

Miss Young (passing Mr. George who is putting bone dust on the lawn)---"My! For the land sake! Isn't that awful?"

Mr. George---"No. For the land's sake it's very good."

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SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

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The HIGH SCHOOL CAFETERIA and GROCERY

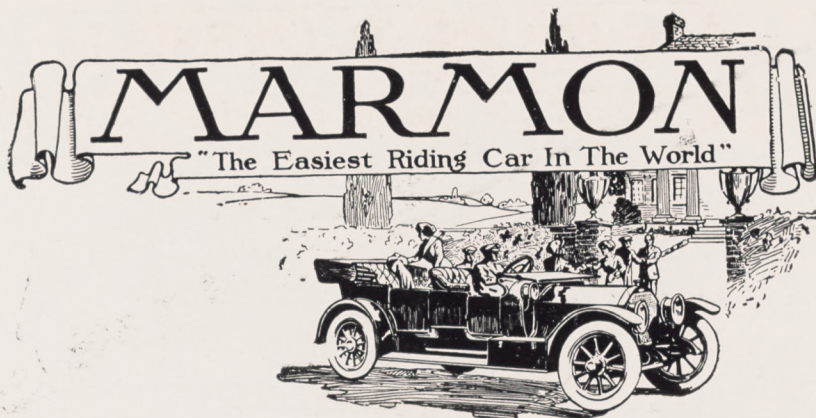
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Groceries*

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Supplies and Stationery*

MRS. T. J. FREEMAN

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In over sixty years of manufacturing this company has put on the market only the highest quality of product—the best that brains, experience, skill and honest intent could produce. The reputation of this company and its product and the steady growth of the business from a modest beginning in 1851 to its present large proportions is proof conclusive of this assertion.

Since the early days of the automobile industry, the Marmon car has held its position in the front rank of the world's high grade cars and today it has no superior. In the all important feature of design the Marmon stands for the origin and highest development of many features. This, coupled with the best of materials and conscientious, painstaking workmanship gives this car a rightful claim to excellence which is demonstrated in the performance of every Marmon car.

Phone for Demonstration

Gilhousen Brothers Company

MARMON CARS

1136 South Olive St.

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LOS ANGELES, CAL.

Broadway 3658

(See other side.)



You buy more than reputation in a Marmon. You buy all the mechanical superiority, refinement of comfort and completeness of detail that have built up one of the highest reputations in the automobile world.

THE MARMON "THIRTY-TWO"

A sensible, logical car—a car of moderate size and capacity, meeting every requirement for touring and city use with the economy in tires, fuel and upkeep so important to the majority of motorists. Four-cylinder, 32 h. p., 120-inch wheel base, electric starting and lighting system, with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment.
Touring Car \$3000.00 f. o. b. factory.

THE MARMON "FORTY-EIGHT"

Six-cylinder, 48-80 h.p., 145 wheel base—a large car with small car advantages, a car with short turning ability which eliminates the old objections to long wheel base—a car of wonderful and surpassing riding qualities; electric starting and lighting system, with body types to meet every requirement and corresponding equipment.

Touring Car \$5000.00 f. o. b. factory.

Detailed Information on Request

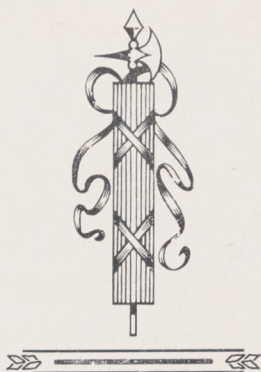
Gilhousen Brothers Company MARMON CARS

1136 South Olive Street

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

(See other side.)

Copa de Oro



EDITED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS

South Pasadena High School

SOUTH PASADENA, CAL.

1913

PRESS OF THE SOUTH PASADENA RECORD

DEDICATION

To the friend of the Senior Class, who
has so kindly helped us during
the four years of our
high school life,

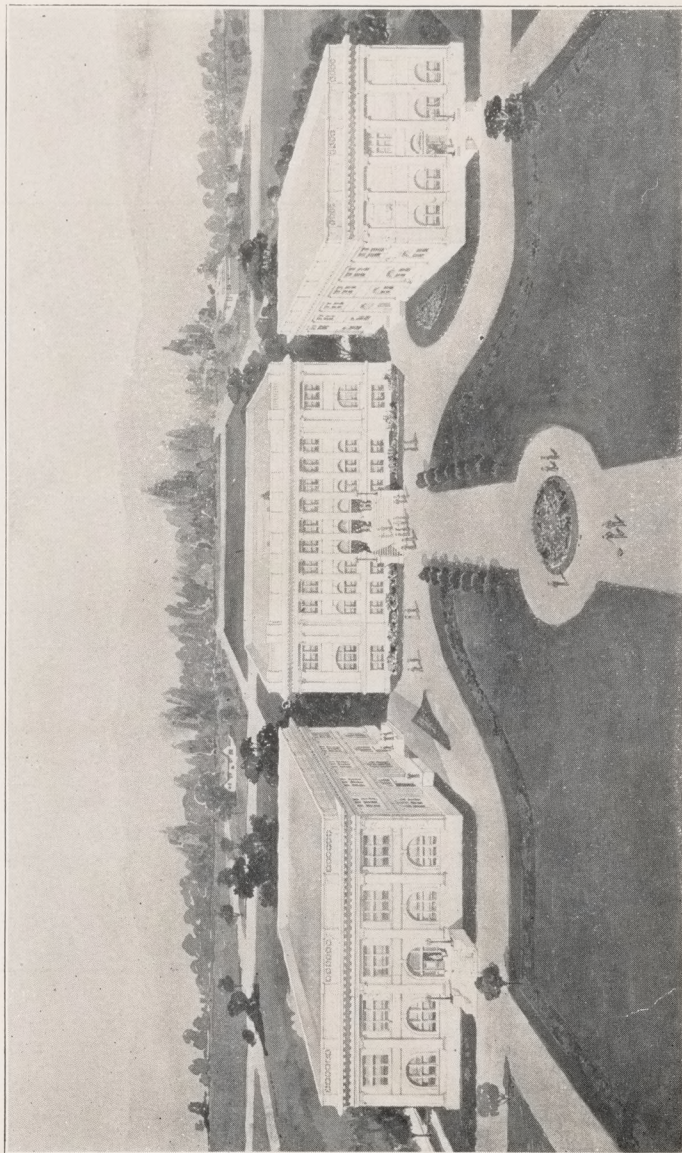
Estelle A. Leach,

this Copa de Oro is sincerely dedicated
by the Class of
Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

R
371.8
(1913)

CLOSED
SHELF





HIGH SCHOOL BUILDINGS



THE FACULTY

Kate M. Meek, Mathematics	Elizabeth Bickford, Science	Ella S. Foglesong, Latin, German
C. H. O'Neal, Manual Training	Geo. C. Bush, Superintendent	Herbert White, History, Athletics
Sarah McRae, Domestic Science	Hubert S. Upjohn, Principal, U. S. History, Trigonometry	Estelle A. Leach, V.-Principal, English
	Elizabeth MacKintosh, Oral English, Gymnasium	
Florence Cairns, Art, Music	Madeline Young, French, English	Grace Spiegle, Latin, Spanish, Mathematics
		Chas. Thompson, Science

MENAGERIE

Monkey: This animal varies from the average specimen in that he prefers chestnuts to peanuts, that is, if they are not too ancient. You may sometime encounter him in a bad mood, resulting, perhaps, from lack of activity on your part to satisfy him. In this case carelessly bring out a few of aforesaid nuts, and his ferocity will immediately be appeased.

Lamb: This little animal is said to be very "meek," and although she is usually termed thus, we have reason to believe she does not always come up to it.

Mouse: This is a member of the normal species, quiet, demure and unobtrusive, yet having a very watchful eye. She seems to thrive best on Latinburger Cheese, but as yet has never been caught in a trap.

Owl: This bird is very learned, in fact, is a smybol for wisdom itself and is bored by things of a frivolous nature. She loves the flowers and trees and, for this reason, perhaps, dwells in them a good part of the time.

Parrot: This bird is renowned for talking of all kinds. She is different from the average specimen in that her talking is very rarely worthless, never profane.

Baby Hippo: This specimen is what may be termed "cute." He is very strong, although you would not believe it, for he subsists on a very slender diet, which consists chiefly of grape-nuts.

Canary: This bird has a light colored head and may thus be distinguished from all other members of this collection. She has a sweet voice, though she can seldom be heard in song, for the surrounding discord seems to drown her out.

Lion: This animal is the "king of the den." You will notice that his mane is extremely "bushy." This is a trait not uncommon in this species.

Lynx: This animal is strong, active and lithe. Although quiet as the aforesaid mouse in his cage, we are told he is not so out in the jungle.

Rabbit: This creature is rather quiet in accordance with the species, but is fond of good things to "nibble."

Deer: Some think that this, indeed, is a good specimen of a dear. He is next in supremity to the lion. His favorite diet is the sprouts of the co-operation tree, the growth of which he incessantly watches.

Fawn: This animal is one of the gentlest in the collection. You will notice the unusually large soft eyes. She enjoys most the leaves of the shrub you see growing at her feet, whose shape is that of the Latin tongue.

Dachshund: This animal, as you can see by the reproduction, is an exceptionally slender specimen. It is said that her bark is worse than her bite.

Kangaroo: Although this animal is still very "young," she is a remarkable specimen. She is famous for "jumping on" visitors to the jungle who do not have the necessary requirements.

Antelope: This specimen has been declared, by those who have studied the situation well, to be closely related to the deer family. She is particularly antagonistic to those small inesets which frequently inhabit the jungle, known as "bluffs," and preys upon them when she discovers them.





**STAFF OF
COPA DE ORO**



WARDE FOWLER, Editor-in-Chief.

GAIL VANDEN BRAAK, Business Manager.

WALTER LORD, Assistant Business Manager.



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LENORE JUDKINS, Art Editor.

LOIS BAKER, Society Editor.

LENORE HAMM, Alumni Editor.

LORENA HOCKENBERRY, Musical Editor.

LOUISE DODGE, Josh Editor.

CLARE COPE, Josh Editor.

MORELL REYNOLDS, Athletic Editor.

ETHEL WALKER, Athletic Editor.

BARRETT KIESLING, Debating Editor.



THE STAFF



AUTOGRAPHS





Senior Class



Senior Class Officers

EDITH WILDE, President.
CHARLES THORNBURGH, Vice-President.
GRACE HORNER, Secretary.
DON MESSER, Treasurer.
CATHERINE NOLAN, Auditor.
EARL BOEKENOOGEN, Auditor.

Class Colors: Blue and Gold.

Motto: Vincet, qui se vincet.

Flower: Coreopsis.

Yell:

Riff!—Raff!
Rickety!—Ree!
Rip!—Zing!
Who are we?
We're the stuff!—
That's enough!
1—9—1—3!

Class Teacher: Estelle A. Leach.



Name: MARY LOIS BAKER.
Fame: Debating, Annual, Senior Play
Favorite Song: "Waiting for the Robert A. Honner"
Ambition: School Teacher



Name: EDGAR BEASLEY
Fame: Quening
Favorite Song: "Maybe you're not the only one who loves me"
Ambition: Supersede Mr. George



Name: EARL BOEKENOOGEN
Fame: Basket Ball, Senior Officer
Favorite Song: "Love Dreams"
Ambition: Barnum - Bailey's fat man

Name: CLARENCE COPE
Fame: Bluffing, Side Burns, Athletics
Favorite Song: "I want my breakfast served in bed on Sunday M-o-o-o-r-n-ing"
Ambition: Undertaker



Name: ARTHUR BROWN
Fame: Student Body and Athletics
Favorite Song: "Could you be true to eyes of blue if you looked into eyes of Brown"
Ambition: Mayor of South Pasadena



Name: SARAH BROWN
Fame: Flirting
Favorite Song: "Put on your old grey bonnet"
Ambition: Militant Suffragette



SENIORS



Name: LOUISE DODGE
 Fame: Ukulele Club, Annual,
 Senior Play
 Favorite Song: "Any place is
 heaven when you are with
 the boy you love"
 Ambition: Six feet, two inches

Name: FLORENCE ELSEY
 Fame: D's?
 Favorite Song: "I say, Flo"
 Ambition: A's!

Name: CORIN DODSON
 Fame: Readings and Cecilian
 Club
 Favorite Song: "I'm on the
 way to Reno"
 Ambition: W. C. T. U. lecturer

Name: MAUD EAKINS
 Fame: Too small to be noticed
 Favorite Song: "Come into the
 garden, Maud"
 Ambition: Lady of leisure

Name: MIGNONETTE DUNN
 Fame: English Reports
 Favorite Song: "I'm afraid of
 you"
 Ambition: Soliciting "Votes
 for Women"

Name: CHARLES EWING
 Fame: Punctuality
 Favorite Song: "I wonder
 who's kissing her now"
 Ambition: None



SENIORS



Name: MARGARET FAIRES
 Fame: Debating and Virgil
 Favorite Song: "Don't be what
 you ain't"
 Ambition: Succeed Miss Leach

Name: VERA GAMMON
 Fame: Ukulele Club
 Favorite Song: "Take me back
 to Pomona"
 Ambition: See above

Name: WARDE FOWLER
 Fame: Annual, Debating, Senior Play
 Favorite Song: "I'm busy,
 busy, busy, all the while"
 Ambition: To master the Chinese language

Name: MARJORIE GILLIES
 Fame: Annual, Senior Play, Ukulele Club
 Favorite Song: "I want to be
 the leading lady"
 Ambition: Understudy to Tetrassini.

Name: STELLA GAMMON
 Fame: Art work
 Favorite Song: "Keep on smiling"
 Ambition: Create models for Worth's gowns

Name: LENORE HAMM
 Fame: Annual, Glee Club, "Eats"
 Favorite Song: "I'd rather be
 a lemon than a grapefruit"
 Ambition: Prima Donna



SENIORS



Name—MAUDE HERRING
Fame—Glee Club
Favorite Song—"I want to go
back to the Boulevard"
Ambition—Cook's tourist
guide

Name—BARRETT KIESLING
Fame—Debating, Senior Play,
Annual
Favorite Song—"I'm the guy"
Ambition—To out-talk a pho-
nograph

Name—LORENA HOCKEN-
BERRY
Fame—Annual Staff
Favorite Song—"I want some-
one to call me dearie"
Ambition—Successor to Carrie
Nation

Name—LENORE JUDKINS
Fame—Annual, Student Body
Favorite Song—"I want a Gib-
son man"
Ambition—The first lady of
the land

Name—GRACE HORNER
Fame—Senior Class officer
Favorite Song—"And he
blames my dreamy eyes"
Ambition—Broncho buster

Name—RUTH KRIGBAUM
Fame—Glee Club
Favorite Song—"I'm afraid to
go home in the dark"
Ambition—Manicure girl



SENIORS



Name—WALTER LORD
Fame—Annual, Athletics, Senior Play.
Favorite Song—"Burning up the Boulevard"
Ambition—To curl his mustache



Name—ISABEL LUCE
Fame—Arriving just before tardy bell
Favorite Song—"Gee, but it's great to meet a friend from your home town"
Ambition—Agency for the "Ford"



Name—ESTHER MCCOY
Fame: Extreme talkativeness
Favorite Song—"So do I"
Ambition—Head Librarian in S. P. P. Library

Name—DON MESSER
Fame—Senior Play, Class Officer
Favorite Song—"When I was twenty-one and you were sweet sixteen"
Ambition—Manager of "Ladies Home Journal"



Name—HELEN McDONALD
Fame—Photograph Committee, Ukulele Club
Favorite Song—"Only let me see thine eyes"
Ambition—Jail matron.



Name—LILLIAN MAGOR
Fame—Hallow'en party
Favorite Song—"I'm falling in love with some one"
Ambition—Wedding bells



SENIORS



Name—BERTHA MILLER
Fame—Happy disposition
Favorite Song—"Wistful eyes"
Ambition—Missionary to a cannibal isle

Name—SARAH BELLE PEALER
Fame—Cheerfulness
Favorite Song—"That skeleton rag"
Ambition—Housekeeping



Name—LOYD MOFFITT
Fame—Studies
Favorite Song—"L - O - V - E
spells trouble for me"
Ambition—Dare devil motorcyclist.

Name—ALICE PENNY
Fame—Cheating U. S. post-office
Favorite Song—"I'm just pining for you"
Ambition—Early death from over-study



Name—KATHERINE NOLAN
Fame—Engraving Committee
Favorite Song—"My Hero"
Ambition—Entress "Pretty Girl Questions"

Name—LEAH PIERCE
Fame—Scholarship
Favorite Song—"Red Wing"
Ambition—Nurse in dogs' hospital



SENIORS



Name—MARIE PUTNEY
Fame—Bashfulness? ?
Favorite Song—“Neath the old
cherry tree, sweet Marie”
Ambition—Moving picture act-
ress



Name—EDNA STONE-
BROOK
Fame—Glee Club, Ukulele Club
Favorite Song—“School Days”
Ambition—Ticket seller at
“The Gem”



Name—MORELI REY-
NOLDS
Fame—Annual, Athletics
Favorite Song—“I’m the kid
that built the pyramid”
Ambition—To eat ten pies and
survive



Name—FRANCES THOMP-
SON
Fame—Authoress “How to be
Good”
Favorite Song—“Na u g h t y,
naughty, naughty”
Ambition—Teacher’s pet

Name—HAROLD STOCK-
MAN
Fame—Athletics
Favorite Song—“Don’t let the
girlies get you”
Ambition—“Hot dog” vender

Name—“CUPID” THORN-
BURGH
Fame—Senior Play, Athletics
Favorite Song—“Nobody loves
a fat man”
Ambition—Policeman

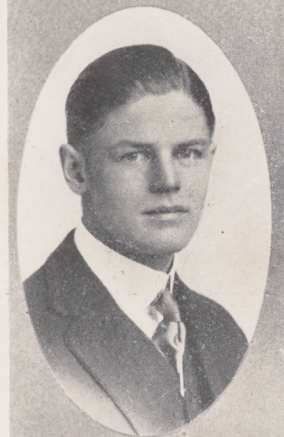


SENIORS



Name—STUART TOWNE
 Fame—Burning midnight oil
 Favorite Song—"There'll be a
 hot time in the old Towne
 tonight"
 Ambition—Polishing pennies
 in the First National Bank

Name—ETHEL WALKER
 Fame—Basketball, Annual
 Favorite Song—"Turkey trot"
 Ambition—Dancing teacher



Name—GAIL VANDEN
 BRAAK
 Fame—Annual, Athletics
 Favorite Song—"Leanoia, fare
 thee well"
 Ambition—Taxi driver

Name—EDITH WILDE
 Fame—Class President
 Favorite Song—"Hello Cupid,
 send me a fellow"
 Ambition—First woman Presi-
 dent of the United States



Name—DOROTHY WADS-
 WORTH
 Fame—Matrimony, diamond
 ring, etc.
 Favorite Song—"Wedding
 March," Mendelsohn
 Ambition—Happy home in the
 suburbs

Name—ADELAIDE WRIDE
 Fame—Giggling
 Favorite Song—"Your eyes are
 open, but you are fast
 asleep"
 Ambition—Cashier at a cafe-
 teria



SENIORS



Junior Class



Junior Class Officers

GEORGE HOWARD, President.

VIOLET LACY, Vice-President.

LYNN TUTTLE, Secretary.

LOUIS FILLEY, Treasurer.

ROY PEARSON, Auditor.

Class Colors: Green and White.

Flower: White Rose.

Motto: Vivemus frui.

CLASS TEACHER: Ella S. Foglesong



JUNIOR CLASS



SOPHOMORE CLASS



ODE TO A SOPHOMORE

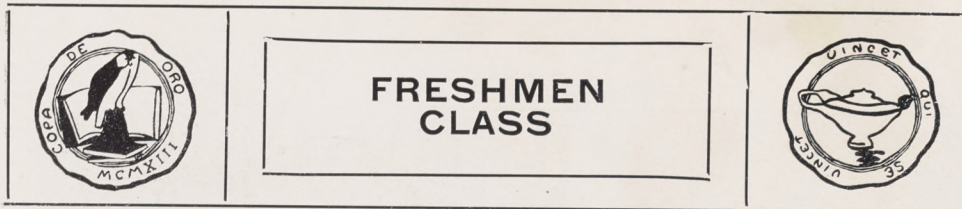
(With Apologies)

Once a student came for schooling—came pre-
pared to mind no ruling;
Came to see just how much fooling he could
do, and then some more.
Proudly entered this young fellow, smoothing
down his hair so yellow;
With a smile both meek and mellow, tapped
upon the office door.
“’Tis a Soph’more,” Upjohn muttered, frown-
ing through his office door:
“Just a Sophie, nothing more.”

Now the year is almost over, and we all have
dreams of clover,
But that Soph’more, ere we lose him, let us
speak of him some more.
When he entered he was dreaming, full of jokes
and pranks was teeming,
Now, alas! his eyes are streaming, as he looks
beyond the door.
In eighth period he is toiling, there beyond the
class room door—
Getting lessons, nothing more.



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



Violet Lacy, '14.

STUDY OF GREEN THINGS

I. Material:

Freshmen.

II. Observations:

1. Where found.

These specimens were found in the South Pasadena Assembly, on the east side of the Assembly Hall, occupying quite a large plot of ground—about half the room. From careful research, it has been ascertained that they “sprang up” about the middle of September, 1912.

2. Size.

The species Freshmen, Genus, High School, vary in size, some being microscopic, as Eugene Collins, and others able to be seen with the naked eye, as Bruce Kirkpatrick.

3. Shape.

The shape of this species does not vary—all having a common shape. The species, Freshmen, are distinguished from the rest of the genus, however, by the simple construction, and the small dimensions of the head, or crown, thereby denoting a lack of cells.

III. Summary and Conclusion:

Therefore, from the above observations, we conclude that the species, Freshmen, genus, High School, are simple, green things, belonging to the great group of Recent Grammar School Graduates, and are of little use or value in their present stage—although Science predicts a speedy evolution to a higher plane.



FRESHMEN CLASS



THE STUDENT BODY



At the beginning of the school year, in September, 1912, it was decided that the Athletic Association and the Student Body should dissolve and reorganize into one group called "The Student Body of South Pasadena High School." This change, of course, placed the charge of the entire activities of the school, both athletic and otherwise, in the hands of the Student Body. It was a good change.

Financially, the year has been all that could be desired. All of the sports have been financed on a more elaborate scale than has been possible before. Debating and Oratory have been encouraged, and everything which the organization has undertaken has been a financial success.

Many excellent programs have been given at the regular meetings. The musical numbers, especially, deserve great credit and the meetings given over entirely to musical selections have been greatly enjoyed.

Another, and perhaps the most important factor of all, is the great number of excellent speakers and readers who have entertained, at different times, the Student Body. These have all been extremely interesting and have covered a great variety of subjects.

Rev. Geo. C. King
Dr. J. W. Baer
Dr. Holmes, of Australia
Dr. C. A. Whiting
Joseph Scott
Captain Eli
John C. McGroarty
Col. John Sobieski
Rev. Prundle
Clyde Doyle
Rev. Wm. Horace Day
Dr. Gordon
Rev. Robt. Freeman

Rev. Matt Hughes
Rev. C. R. Tillinghast
Rev. A. Hatcher Smith
Jas. Smart
Cordelia Green
Rev. C. A. Allen
Mr. T. C. Hackett
Rev. Vernon M. McCombs
Mr. Jaeger
Prof. Arthur G. Paul
Miss Marie Brem
Dr. J. A. Scherer
Rev. C. E. Locke

Rev. McCombs

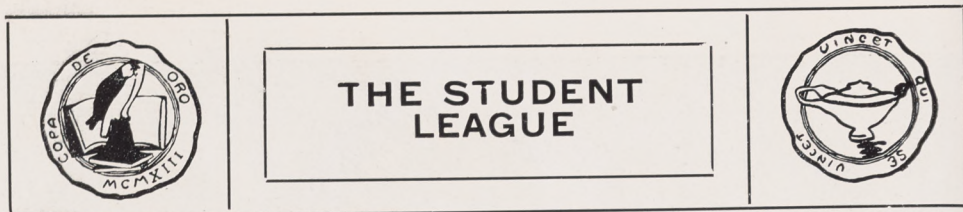


THE STUDENT BODY

Louis Filley, Vice-President
 Marjorie Gillies, Board
 George Howard, Board

Arthur Brown, President
 Harold Stockman, Athletic Manager
 Warde Fowler, Board

Lenore Judkins, Secretary
 Margaret Reynolds, Treasurer
 Walter Lord, Custodian



The second year of this organization has, in many ways, been very successful. The year was begun by a campaign for new members and many of the underclassmen were enrolled. However, an effort was made to get a membership of good quality rather than of large numbers.

The first semi-annual banquet was held in the Shrine Auditorium and nine hundred boys from all over Los Angeles County were there. The address of the evening was "Blue Blood," by Dr. Stephenson of Occidental College.

Financially the League has done well. Early in the year it took up the task of furnishing certain grades of paper to the school. In this way the pupils have been able to get better paper for less money than previously and the treasury of the League has had a pleasant growth. An operetta given at the High School, February 7th, was a source of much enjoyment for many people and of material gain for the organization. When the school needed new song books, the boys sold them and made use of the profit that otherwise would have gone out of the school.

The League is endeavoring to do a real live work for its members. With this object in view the boys have started an employment agency and already several boys have obtained work on Saturdays.

The boys are looking forward to the second banquet and probably a large number will go from this school.





Student League Officers

LYNN TUTTLE, President.

ALBERT LACY, Vice-President.

MELVIN DONALDSON, Secretary.

HUGH WADDELL, Treasurer.



LITERARY



Bertha E. Walker, Ex. '13

CLASS COLORS OF 1913

Blue and Gold! Such colors well might be
The theme of poets' songs; a painter's dream;
Colors with which to weave, with subtle gleam,
The fabric of some gay bard's minstrelsy.

The blue, in dew-wet violets, fast asleep;
The ocean, fathomless; and sky by day.
The gold, within the sunlight's purest ray,
And in the dark of mountain mines hid deep.

Again, the blue in wistful eyes that veil
The shadows of a half-forgotten smile;
Or gold of hair that shifts and shimmers, while
Its brightness makes the very sun seem pale.

L'Envoi

Time waits for no one, all are well aware,
And Life's best golden hours are all too few—
Then keep your thoughts, "pure gold," your hearts, "true blue,"
And live up to the colors that you wear.

And when it seems Life's pathway means but pain,
Success' brightest flame, a worthless spark,
Remember: clouds of night are ne'er so dark
But that your Sun, the Gold, will shine again.





LITERARY



Merle Reynolds, '14

THE CALL OF THE DESERT

A man was sitting at a table in one of the most fashionable cafes in Paris. He was not a native Parisian, but his dress showed that he was a society man. The cafe was brilliantly lighted, but he had asked when he entered, for a quiet table over at one side of the room, in place of his regular one prominently near the center. At this the manager's smile of satisfaction at sight of his regular customer, had changed to one of slight surprise.

The young man, for he was not over twenty-five, was looking absently around the room, his meal almost untouched before him. The son of one of the officials of Paris, prominent in society; he had led a gay life for several years. Indeed, all his memories were of Paris; he could recall nothing of the first few years of his life or of his mother. She had died when he was young; of more than this he knew nothing, for his father, the General, had been stern and reticent whenever the subject was broached.

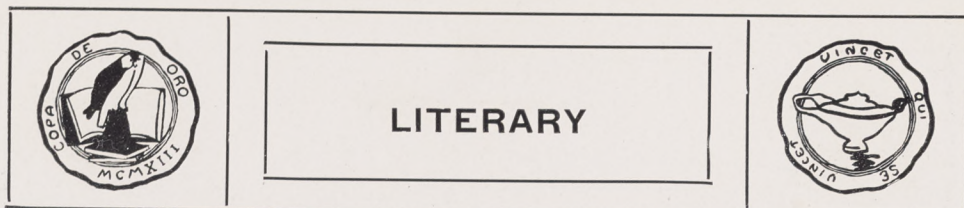
Tonight he had come from a momentous interview with that General—momentous because something new was to come into his life.

"Victor," the General had said, when his son stood before him in the library of the stately house which was their home, "I want you to be ready to leave for Africa tomorrow. Some official papers must be sent by the Government. Though not very important, they must go immediately, and you are the best messenger we can find on short notice. A train leaves at ten in the forenoon which will make your connection. I will deliver the papers to you then."

The son had listened in surprise at first, then had bowed his assent, and gone directly to the cafe. There he had been thinking of the journey he was to make, the new country he would see. He had never been to Africa. His ideas of the country were vague and imaginative, centering about the desert. He had heard of the "call of the desert," and how men had answered it never to come back. Beneath his gay society manner was an imaginative mind, and he wondered if the desert would ever call to him.

* * * * *

The journey was uneventful. Reaching the town on the coast of Africa, he delivered the papers in person to the official for whom they were intended. He felt a desire to see the desert, and, as he did not have to return immediately to Paris, he asked this official where one of the nearest desert villages was situated.



"Well, there is El Moran, not far away. It is a tourist town though this is out of season, so you would find a hotel there. It is a typical desert town on an oasis."

"It is probably just what I want to see, and I will go tomorrow. I appreciate your telling me of it. Good-day, sir," and the young man bowed and went away.

The next morning he boarded one of the slowly-moving trains going towards the interior of the continent. The day was cloudy and a sea breeze made the ride pleasant at first. They were approaching a range of low mountains. Shortly after noon these were crossed, and the desert burst upon them. Wide areas of hot yellow sands, glistening white in the bright sunlight, with low-browed sage-brush and here and there a gaunt cactus, were seen through the small windows of the stuffy little day-coach. Light mesquite gave the only touch of green to the landscape except oases far in the distance. It was intensely still and very hot, for the sea breeze did not cross the mountains.

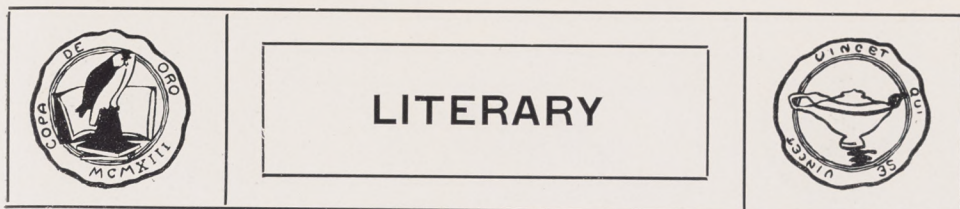
Just after sunset El Moran was reached. A crowd of Arabs swarmed about the station, and several clamorously offered their services as guides. The traveler selected one who spoke French fluently, and followed him over to the small hotel which stood quite a distance away surrounded by trees. Here he was given a room on the second floor, opening out upon a balcony. He found the dining room almost deserted, for few travelers were there, and was served by Arab waitresses who attracted him almost as much as had the Parisian women.

"Would Monsieur like to see the village tonight?" broke in the voice of the guide as the traveler stood in the doorway.

"Yes, I think I would," and the two stepped out into the night. It was growing cold, and the air was bracing. The dark blue sky twinkled with stars, and the rising orange moon shone on smooth white sands. The guide's conversation was unheeded, for the Desert was casting her spell. The traveler forgot all else in the grandeur of that desert night.

Now they reached the outskirts of the village, and started down one of the narrow streets lined on both sides with small rudely-built houses. The roofs of these were open courts serving as living rooms for the Arab families. The main street was lined with little shops, or booths, where Arab venders sold their wares.

From one street came the sound of tom-toms, where, in houses filled with Arab spectators, women dancers performed the strange and fascinating dances of the East. The traveler entered one of these houses, and was



soon asked to contribute a coin. Many shining ones already ornamented the dancers' dresses.

"Come," said the traveler to his guide after a short time, "I am ready to return to the hotel."

"Yes, Monsieur. Is there nothing else you would like to visit tonight?"

"Nothing."

The walk back was quiet, for the talkative guide soon felt conversation unnecessary. At the hotel door they parted, the guide promising to be there early the next morning.

The traveler went slowly upstairs and out upon the balcony, where he stood gazing into the night. It was a night full of African splendor, such as he had never seen before. But it was full of witchery, too. The cold air, stirring slightly, brought strange whispers across the sands, the murmurings of the Desert to one whom she was calling. The traveler's eyes wandered far in the distance where the full moon disclosed a long caravan slowly creeping between two oases. Suddenly a great longing swept over him, a passionate desire to be in that caravan. A voice seemed to come out of the Heart of the Desert, calling him onward, onward, into an unknown world. His soul thrilled in response to it, and the answer "Yes," came stirring from the depths of his heart.

He went into his room and wrote a letter to his father. At the end of it—"My father," he said, "you will not understand me. I do not expect you to. But I must stay here until I have at least explored this desert. I cannot be satisfied unless I do. Then I will return to Paris and try to forget it."

The General looked up musingly from the letter he was reading. His thoughts were wandering in the past. "I do understand him," he said regretfully. "I went through the same experience myself. His mother was an African, and with that blood in him, his passion will be stronger than mine was. He will never come back. The "call of the desert" has come to him.





LITERARY



A TROUBLOUS TALE B. C. Kiesling, '13



In a beautiful, secluded little spot in a nearby canyon lies the cabin camp of the jolliest bunch of fellows that ever brought premature old age to a Prep School Faculty. In themselves and their cabin this bunch is no different from thousands of similar ones wherever Prep Students predominate. Three peculiar things, however, characterize this particular crowd of fellows, namely, their cause for organization, the circumstances and their peculiar name. Such is the nature of these that they have furnished many an amusing hour before the campfire for the members and they are herein set down as they happened, with the hope that they may be a stimulus to bring to the memories of our readers similar incidents of their own foolish youth.

It was a chilly, snappy day in the late fall, a year or so ago. It was also 1:30 of that same day. The place was a remote stretch on the little jerk-water road running between Ashwell and Harrowgate. Alongside the tracks as red-blooded a bunch of "grid-iron warriors" as ever faced disaster on the brink of the "Big Game" gloomily viewed the now broken-down, as well as dilapidated, locomotive.

Big "Slats" Kirchoffer, our Captain, went up the line to see the conductor. In a moment he was back.

"Fellows," he said, "it will be three hours before we can move, so, as it's only that many miles, I move we walk. Otherwise we're going to miss our chance to show that Harrowgate bunch how poor they really are."

With more or less alacrity, we all assented except "Tiny" Jones, our 200-pound center, who immediately raised a protesting voice.

"Fellows," he pleaded, "Spare me, my doctor says that my delicate constitution will not stand the strain of violent exercise."





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"O, come on, Tiny," we laughingly shouted, "We'll see that the dear little boy is properly assisted." And with a laugh here and a joke there, we started across the hills. Up one hill and down another we went, frolicking and playing pranks as we went along. We swarmed up the wooded side of the next hill in the highest of spirits. Suddenly, "Doc" Ainslee, who was a little bit ahead and at the top of the hill, stopped and motioned for us to keep quiet. Wondering what was up, we hurried to him. Following the direction of his out-stretched arm we saw, directly below us on the County Road, a genuinely hair-raising sight.

A stage coach stood motionless on the rocky road. Lined up in front of it and to one side was a considerable number of passengers who were being systematically relieved of their valuables by a single, rough-looking, much-be-whiskered "road agent."

Whew! That was exciting enough for anybody. Just then "Slats" had a brilliant idea. "Fellows," he whispered as we gathered around him, "that fellow is standing right underneath a bank. If we sneak down there carefully, a couple of us can jump on him and he'll never know what's happened."

Well, we were an average bunch of fellows and although part of the bunch were somewhat timorous, it ended in the majority of us very carefully creeping down the slope. Slats, Tiny, Doc and myself reached the spot first. The highwayman had finished the men and was starting to search an extremely pretty girl. With an evil leer on his face, the ugly brute started to put his arm around her. "Spare muh," she cried in agonized accents as she raised her pretty hands beseechingly. That was too much for the emotional Tiny. With a "whoop" he jumped and lit squarely on the fellow. It was about a ten-foot drop and Mr. Highwayman was quite effectually "squelched" in his career. We were all beginning to congratulate ourselves and Tiny on our marvelous exploit when suddenly our self-importance suffered a rude shock. With a rush the maddest little man I have ever seen bounded out of some nearby shrubbery. He had a wonderful command of language, and after a short time we felt about as insignificant as a normal crowd of High School fellows ever feels.

We certainly had succeeded in getting "in wrong."

"Why, you poor ignoramuses," he cried, "you've spoiled a thousand feet of the best film I've ever taken. Not only that," he bellowed, pointing at the thoroughly cowed Tiny, "but that young Beef Trust over there has nearly killed one of the best actors in the company."

"We—well," faltered poor Tiny, "that fellow was insulting the girl and I couldn't stand for anything like that." At that a big laugh went up from the actors.



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"Why, you poor boy," said the lady in question, "we're married."

That was the last straw. We hastily walked away, followed by the gibes and jeers of the company. We tried our best to keep the Harrowgate fellows from getting the story, but they did somehow, and, "believe me," they took advantage of it. Every time we had the ball, Handsome Hero would roll across the field and Tiny would pass the ball about ten feet beyond the waiting quarter-back. Added to this we were all so cowed over the affair that we played like a team of "wooden Indians" and the final result was one of the worst defeats in our history. When we went home, we were just about the angriest bunch of fellows you ever saw. For many days we were the laughing stock of the town. In fact, we were laughed at so much that gradually we began to appreciate the humor of the situation ourselves and we organized into a very exclusive "Ancient and Honorable Association of Heroes," and our little cabin in the foothills is a constant reminder of the one and only time that the Ashwell football team broke into the "movies."

—o—

Arthur Venburg, '14

BILL, WILLIE, WILLIAM



Yes, his name was William. At least, that is what his mother called him. At school he was plain "Bill," except in one little instance; then it was Willie. In this particular instance, Bill's name sounded so sweet that he wondered why everyone didn't call him that. But then, he wouldn't allow everyone to be so familiar with him as to call him "Willie." No, that was Susan's special privilege. Of course, William didn't exactly care for Susan. He only admired her pink hair ribbons, and he carried Susan's books just because—well, because—well, they weren't heavy and he seldom had any books of his own to carry.

Susan always sat across the aisle from William and William always sat across the aisle from Susan. Bill thought it was fun to work at Susan's arithmetic lesson, and, when he corrected her spelling paper, he always marked it 100 per cent.

The other boys were jealous of Bill and always teased him. Bill didn't



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care when they teased him, but he always thought that they'd just better not tease Susan. When they did tease Susan, he became angry and usually punished the person in the old way.

Susan and Willie always ate lunch together and Willie generally had an extra apple or doughnut for Susan and Susan returned his generosity by giving a big piece of cake. If Susan was not at school, Willie saved both apples until next day. Although Bill tried to make himself believe that he admired Susan's pink hair ribbons only, he always carried her books, ate lunch with her, and wrote notes to her even if she wore red ribbons.

—0—

Violet Lacy, '13

THE GIRL ACROSS THE AISLE



Jim Saunders, commonly known as "Freck" because of an over abundance of brown dots on his otherwise fair visage, was crouched in his seat with his head down on the desk. "Aw! wake up there, Freck," stage-whispered a voice from the rear, enforced by a brotherly kick in the shins. Freck did not move---neither did he yell---to the great disgust of the perpetrator and the surrounding students. Bill Perkins walked up the aisle, deposited a scrap of paper in the waste basket and, returning, gave Freck a vicious jab in the ribs with a pencil. But Freck was immune to such trivial annoyances. A far greater one bothered him now. His Sunday School class was going to have a picnic, and each boy had to ask a girl. Freck knew whom

he wanted to ask, but knowing whom you want to ask and how you want to ask it are two very different things. So Freck was not asleep---no, far from it---for his brain was working, as it never before had worked, trying to construct a sentence that was fit to ask a fairy, for such was his opinion of Mary Ann---an opinion well based, however, for a brighter, prettier and dantier being had ne'er before set foot in Sommersville, and certainly not in Sommersville school and right across the aisle from Freck.

After fifteen minutes of thinking, intermingled with jabs and pokes, Freck sat up, with a look of despair. He had failed to think of a suitable sentence.

Suddenly, he thought of Peggy in the seat in front of him, and with



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this thought came hope. "Peggy," he whispered eagerly, "are you a-goin' to that picnic?" At this, Peggy turned half around in her seat, blushed rosy red, smiled, but said nothing. "Well, some one has asked her, anyway," thought Freck, and, judging from all appearances, it was Bill Jones. "What did Bill say?" he ventured. Another blush, a smile, and then silence. "Aw, please," implored Freck, "I'll give yer an apple." But such knowledge was not to be bought so cheaply, and Peggy shook her head disdainfully. Desperately he continued, for the noon hour was approaching, "I'll give yer a box of chocolates if you'll tell!" Ah! that melted her! Who ever heard of a girl refusing chocolates? Freck was radiant.

"Well," she said shyly, "he said something like this: 'Miss Peggy, may I have the extreme pleasure of escorting you to the picnic?'"

The noon bell rang. "Mary Ann," Freck gurgled, growing purple to the roots of his red hair, "May I—er—may I—er—have the—the"—but just at this crucial moment Mary Ann centered her laughing brown eyes on Freck. He lost courage, was hypnotized by that look, and the next words flew from his brain. "Have the, the"—he made a wild grab for that awful next word, floundered, and, mis—"the extreme pleasure," prompted a voice from within the desk, for Peggy was hunting a book. "The extreme pleasure of"—once more Freck floundered, choked, and stuck—"of escorting you to the picnic," finished the voice again, "and Freck Saunders, don't you dare to forget to bring me that box of chocolates."

—o—

Frances Thompson, '13

THE MULLIGANS' CATASTROPHE

"Sure, and it's a blessing that we know Mrs. O'Hara so well," was Mrs. Mulligan's placid remark as she settled herself in her chair before the fire.

"Why?" questioned her husband uninterestedly.

"Well," replied Mrs. Mulligan, so sure of causing a sensation that she was unusually slow in making a reply, "well, now," she drawled, "Mrs. O'Hara and her family are going North for a two-months' visit and they are going to give us their machine while away."

Her remark caused even more excitement than Mrs. Mulligan had anticipated, for with a whoop and a howl a troop of half a dozen miniature Mulligans were in the room, thus illustrating the advantages of keyholes in a door. Mr. Mulligan, too, rose to the occasion and a family jubilee followed.

"First of all, we must build a garage," said Mr. Mulligan with swag-



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gering importance, feeling himself a marked man in his small town, for few were the automobiles there and it would bring an impetus, both in business and social standing, to the Mulligan family and this they all realized.

The next week all was preparation in the Mulligan family and many were the boasts scattered broadcast through the small metropolis regarding the new machine, but it was not announced that it was not new or that it was but a loan for its care, and so the news spread.

At last the garage was finished and viewed with awe by fellow townsmen. It was a few days later that a letter from Mrs. O'Hara from her home in a near-by town caused much excitement. The machine had been shipped and would arrive the following day. Great was the excitement in the Mulligans' home town and the citizens could not exhibit their regard for the Mulligans enough it seemed,—in fact, so much attention was showered on the family that it was well-nigh embarrassing. When the great day of anticipation had arrived, the Mulligans hurried down to the station to wait for the incoming freight.

"We will just jump into the machine and I'll run it home," said Mr. Mulligan, anticipating the crowded streets through which he could exhibit the treasure.

It was with a thrill that the breathless Mulligans rushed into the baggage room as the freight master told them something for them had arrived. On their entrance to the room they saw a crate of rather small dimensions but plainly addressed to Mr. Mulligan. With his family of seven circled around him, Mr. Mulligan tore it open and beheld a sewing machine! With a gasp the startled eight eyed each other.

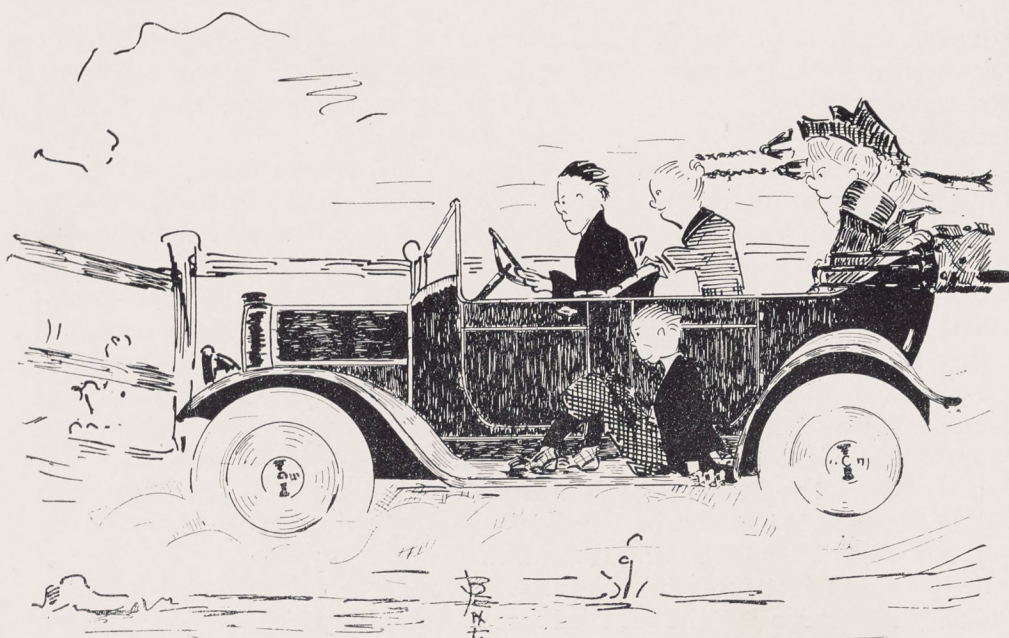
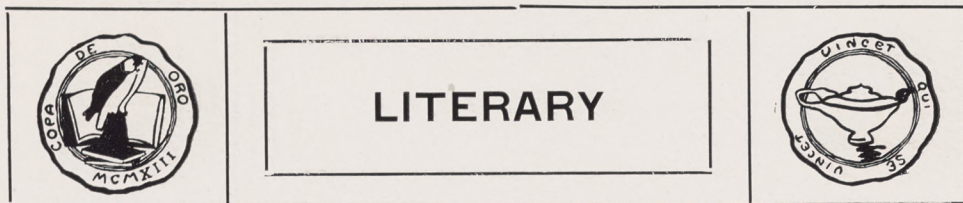
"What did you say it was an automobile for?" demanded Mr. Mulligan at last, of his wife.

"Faith and you'd better be glad it isn't a washing machine! Mrs. O'Hara wrote me that she would lend us her machine——" and the poor woman sobbed desolately in her handkerchief as the downfall of their hopes was brought home to her.

They told the freight-master to have it delivered the next day to their address and turned and walked down the tracks.

"I don't know how anybody could be so mean as to play such a joke on us. I think that mean Jim Flannigan did it. Our machine must be around here some place." This was said by the resourceful boy. His particular enemy had been Jim Flannigan and certainly Jim had not taken kindly to the boasts that had passed around.

They pursued their course down the tracks. Suddenly a cry arose



from the twins, Mike and Nors. "Here is the machine! Of course it was a mistake. Look Papa!" And sure enough, there stood an automobile already to jump into and go. To be sure it had seen its best days, but the O'Haras had had a machine for some time.

"Faith, to be sure it is," cried the chorus of Mulligans, and with one accord they all jumped in. After a great deal of turning and cranking, the engine started and away they flew down the streets. People from all around hung out of the windows and many were the friends that the Mulligan family found that afternoon.

That evening a large print appeared in the paper saying that a machine had been stolen from the freight tracks and that a reward of twenty-five dollars was awarded to the person giving a clue to it.

The next morning Mr. Mulligan announced the startling fact of the twenty-five dollars.

"I tell you what you do," suggested his wife, "take the machine back and then we will have to tell people that we sold it at a large profit because we were thinking of going away for an indefinite length of time."

"I am afraid that is what we will have to do, but the trip will cost more than twenty-five dollars," sighed Mr. Mulligan.



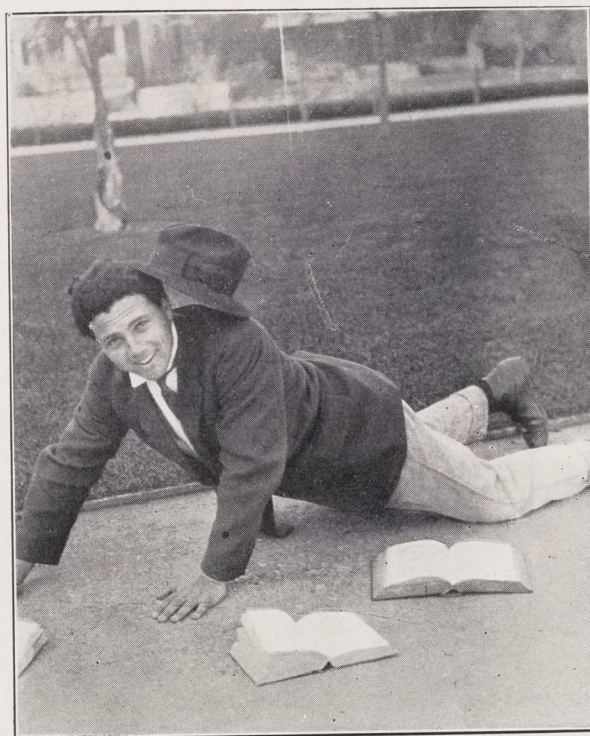
LITERARY



Walter Lord, '13

CHRONICLES OF VENUS ADONIS CUPID

Venus arises at the accustomed hour, 8 A. M., and, with much gusto and rapid movements, attempts to enrobe his world-famed form. The next scene takes us to the breakfast room where he stands and swallows two wieners, one banana, a piece of limburger cheese, one English walnut, and three peanuts. Our healthy young lad then grabs his books from the self-same place where they were laid the night before, and, with as much speed



as his avoirdupois will permit, rambles out to the street car. "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary" for one person, even tho' he be the size of several, to catch, get on to, or make connections with a certain mode of transportation, such as a street car, tram, omnibus, or stage—especially when the reason for so doing is very important, most urgent, or imperative—it is a proved fact that that particular thing, whether it be a street car, train, omnibus or stage, will endeavor, with human prowess and intelligence, to get away from, leave behind, outwit or evade that particular party to whom the making connections is so very



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imperative. So it was with Venus, for, just as he came around the corner, his car started up with Venus four and one-half miles from school and with but ten minutes in which to make it. But our sturdy lad was bound that he would not be the victim of contrary circumstances, so he made what appeared from the sidewalk to be a super-human effort and actually ran, and lo, before the street car could recover from its sudden surprise at this strange sight, Venus was aboard.

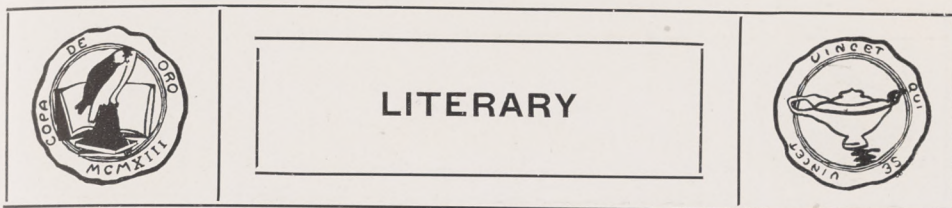
9 A. M.—Cupid, after all these good intentions, vain and flesh-losing efforts, is late for school, appears in Mr. Upjohn's office applying for a permit. "Well, it was this way," began the culprit, "I let for school in plenty of time, but the street car broke down and I had to wait for about forty minutes down by the Ostrich Farm."

"All right," assented Mr. Upjohn, "but this is the last time I'll give you a permit on that excuse."

11:30 A. M.—Loud snores issue from U. S. History room. It's a good thing that Mr. Upjohn has such a strong voice or it sure would be Cupe for the couch in the Teachers' room.

12:15 P. M.—Cupid eats a light meal consisting of three hard-boiled eggs, eight deviled ham sandwiches, four of the same article, but having lettuce centers, several crackers, some potato salad, a few apples and nuts, apple, pumpkin and cream pie, and one bar of milk chocolate. He says he is trying to reduce. Nothing was seen of Cupid during that afternoon, so we know nothing of him, but there was a good bill at the Orpheum.





Extracts from the Diary of Miss "Pinky" Perry, the Famous Strawberry
Blonde

Wednesday, January 1, 1913:

Resolutions for 1913.

- (1) I will use no more slang.
- (2) I will quarrel no more with my dear sister.
- (3) I will have nothing more to do with the boys.
- (4) I will do better in my lessons, etc.

Thursday, January 2:

Gee! but we did have a swell time yesterday at the parade. I wish I knew who that nice looking fellow was who waved at me.

School has just begun again—horrors!

Friday, January 3:

Sister and I disagree. She grabbed my diary, while I was in the parlor playing "Sweetheart" for Bruce Spencer, Dick Gilman, Clarendon Foster and—let's see—oh, fudge! I can't remember who comes on the different nights—but, anyway, I guess the other one was Charles Ewing. Well, as I was saying, sister "Bingo" grabbed this book and ready my New Year's resolutions. Bah! she needn't talk, if I didn't keep them. She didn't keep her own.

Saturday, January 4:

My, but I wish I could drop Latin! I hate it. Mr. Upjohn won't let me, though, and I can't go into the library any more, either. That is an awful blow, for I used to have so much fun talking to Newton Cattern in there.

Sunday, January 5:

This was surely a lively day for me. Six boys came over to spend the evening, and we had a glorious time.

Monday, January 6:

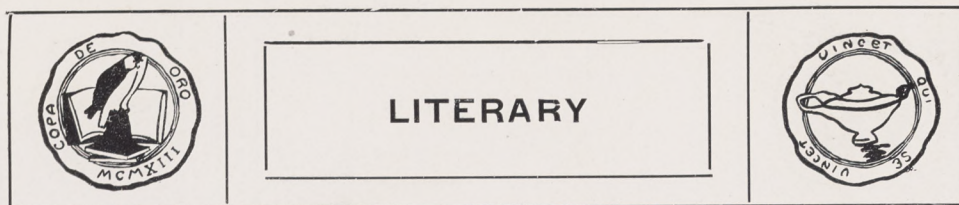
Sister "Bingo" and I had such an exciting scrap today. I don't suppose I should disagree with her at all, but I just can't help it.

Tuesday, January 7:

Oh dear! I haven't kept my New Year's resolutions at all! Well, such is life.

That fellow who called me up last night says I am the best looking strawberry blonde he ever saw. Oh dear, I wish my hair was some other color!

"Red head, red head,
 Gingerbread head,
 Why wasn't I born a blonde?"



Wednesday, January 8:

Just a week since I started my diary. Dad came home last night and made some new laws:

- (1) That I must not use so much slang.
- (2) That I must not quarrel with sister "Bingo."
- (3) That I can have no more than four gentlemen callers at one time.
- (4) That I must bring home good marks.

Queer, isn't it? My very resolutions—I guess I WILL keep them now, though.

—o—

Extracts from the Diary of Clarence Council, The Junior Chronic Late-epitic

Monday, January 6, 1913:

Set the alarm last night for 5 o'clock, so that I should wake up early enough to get to school on time, but, sad to relate, the alarm didn't go off, as I had forgotten to turn the alarm on the night before, so didn't get up till late. Twenty minutes late to school again.

Tuesday, January 7:

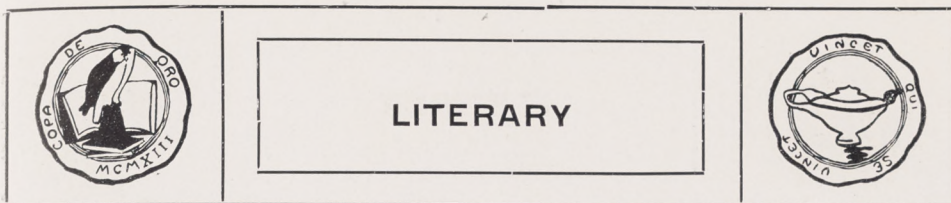
Early this morning, I was dreaming that I was leading the yells in a rally for the Long Beach basketball game, when suddenly the fire-bell began to ring, and I jumped down from the platform. In jumping I heard my alarm—"b-r-r-r." I slowly put the covers back and arose. I started to school at eight o'clock and was in my seat at eight-forty. The row teacher gazed at me with proud eyes and I thought triumphantly, "Here's one day I'm not late, anyway." All morning I could scarcely keep my eyes open in recitations or study and kept thinking, "Gee, I don't believe I'll set the alarm tonight." I went home to lunch and I was so sleepy I could scarcely eat. I was thinking how great it would be to go to bed and sleep and gradually I drifted off into a nice snooze. Awoke in half an hour and hurried to school, but was twenty minutes late again! O, Cruel Fate—Thou doest me an injustice!

Wednesday, January 8:

I lay awake all night last night to think of some way to get to school on time and have thought of a bully scheme. I am going to work it tomorrow. Didn't have any of my lessons today because I went to bed so early last night to make my plans, I forgot to study.

Thursday, January 9:

Well, I worked my scheme this morning, and believe me, it's great!



I took three lunches to school yesterday and stored them safely in my locker. After school was out I stayed in my class room and studied and slept and studied until five-thirty. Then I ate one of my lunches and slept again. I didn't wake up till eight o'clock this morning when the janitor came in to sweep. Went down in the "gym" and ate another one of my lunches, and was back in my class room by eight-thirty. Felt fine all day, except in being a little stiff—I guess sleeping in one position all night made that. Anyway I wasn't late. At noon ate my third and last lunch and was on time again. The sandwiches were a little stale, but, believe me, the scheme is some class!

Friday, January 10:

Went to bed early last night. Jiminy! That scheme was great! Never would have thought I could think of one like that, would you? Got up early and thought all the time about my dandy scheme and how great it worked out. At breakfast I chuckled to myself, and mumbled, "Pretty good, eh?" so many times that my father finally looked up and asked, "My dear, dear son, have you something on your mind? If so, cut it out."

Started to school at eight-ten. Pretty soon I found myself walking along to the tune of "Pretty good, eh," "Pretty good, eh?" Suddenly I realized that I had passed school several blocks and was at Mission and Fair Oaks.

O Glooms! Why attendest thou me so faithfully? Looking at my watch, however, I found that I had half an hour to get to school, so did not walk any faster than usual, but when I arrived I found that my watch had betrayed me. 'Twas half an hour slow as I had forgotten to wind it the night before. So what's the use? All my efforts are in vain! The misfortune of being late seems impossible to overcome, so let the Fates have their way and I will take my time.

—o—

Don Messer, '13

Diary of Second Year Dutch Class

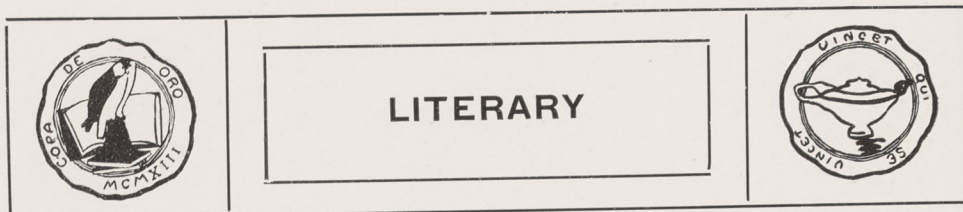
Monday, January 6, 1913:

Class rather noisier than common today. Impossible to hear Fraulein Wyche cough—the noise so great.

Herr Pearson had his seat changed as usual. Has now occupied every seat in room, save one.

Fear Fraulein Gillies is a bad influence on Fraulein Baker, for they ate walnuts all through period.

Fraulein Kite also sang, but in general commotion, noise was not dis-



turbing. Nearly forgot, Batty left room three different times for a drink. Two should be quite sufficient.

Tuesday, January 7:

Sad event, a written lesson.

Fraulein Foglesong very ferocious. No more oral lessons till we make less noise.

Herr Donaldson somewhat peeved; gives oration downing principle of written lessons. Silenced by Fraulein Foglesong.

Wish I had put more time on my Dutch. Resolve to do so immediately. But alas! it is too late.

Wednesday, January 8:

Lent my copy of "Life" to Fraulein Gillies and Fraulein Baker. They sit together and thus obtain a general sufficiency at same time.

"Bookie" has a seat near window and spends all period in watching White and Bill Beasley play catch. Wish I sat by window.

Six Seniors in second Dutch.

How interesting to watch Mel Donaldson and Aloha Washburn.

Thursday, January 9:

Fraulein Foglesong has Hilda Wyche's cold. Could scarcely talk. Every member of class has had it. Had one yesterday myself in Oral English. Well, I taught the class.

Herr Pearson gave Mutt and Jeff for a current event, and Fraulein Gillies reviewed last week's Orpheum Bill.

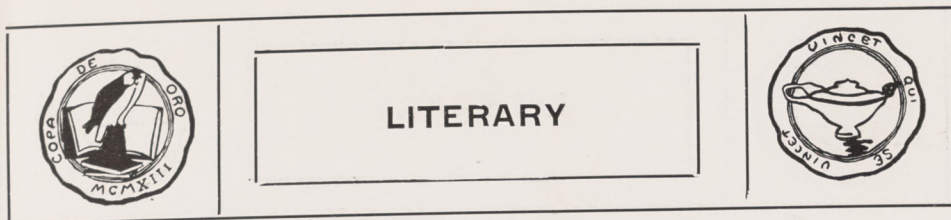
Batty had a good lesson today and Fraulein Wyche brought her book to class; both events first happenings this term.

It's easy to work Mr. Thompson on Dutch the fifth period, but not on Physics problems.

Friday, January 10:

Fraulein Foglesong's cold still holding out. Great rejoicing. Fraulein Baker taught class. Sat with Bookie and thus saw baseball practice. Good scheme. Had flower show last few minutes of period. Fraulein Judkins had three entries, and captured two prizes. Bookie drew a long, lank, skinny cat-tail and received first. I feel sorry for the judges.

Dutch is my favorite study.



Extracts from the Diary of Clarence Cope

Wednesday, January 1, 1913:

"I do hereby solemnly swear that I will wear a long, sober face, walk slowly and deliberately, and cause no more disorder than does the entire Senior Class."

Thursday, January 2:

Some cold this A. M. Physics lecture room so warm couldn't think to write the ex. Thompson told us not to use ponies, so used Physics book instead. Cupid slept like a log during history.

In music requested by Miss Cairns, who does not seem to admire my volume and exquisite sense of time, to retire to library. I do so, as quietly as an angel walking on cork, all the time with a long face, intent on keeping my resolution.

There was a meeting of the "Boys' Glee Club" at the close of school, which was as silent and still as a funeral during prayer—no one present.

Friday, January 3:

A day of training before the game. I arise early, take a brisk walk of three minutes and have five minutes in which to eat my morning meal, and arrive at school three minutes late. After explaining to Mr. Upjohn my marvelous feat of eating one bowl of mush, six pieces of toast, four eggs and seven hot cakes, which were aided in their descent by three cups of coffee, in five minutes I enter my first class—the assembly room.

I spend the rest of the day alternately between study and sleep, being disturbed occasionally by an ambiguous question.

Saturday, January 4:

I awake at ten A. M. and, upon counting the hours, I find that I have complied with the coach's order and slept eight hours the night before the game.

I accomplish one thing in which I have failed many times, when I succeed in my bluff of spraining (?) my ankle in order to get five minutes in which I catch my escaping breath.

Monday, January 6:

The principal feature of today is the same as all other Mondays. I spend all my spare time in preparing my English composition in time to avoid ninth period.

Tuesday, January 7:

The Big Tryout for the Debate in which I make a thirty-minute speech in two minutes and make such an impression upon the judges that they deem it not necessary to make comment of my name as they did three of my fellow antagonists. I do not enter the debate with Inglewood.



LITERARY



Philip L. Moyle, '15

ASSEMBLY

The last person has entered the Assembly Room, the last book has been picked up from the floor, where it had fallen from the top of some desk, the last scrap of paper has been crushed in the hand of some one who throws it across the aisle at his neighbor—in fact there is perfect quiet in the Assembly Room, which is a very unusual thing.

Prof. Bush advances to the front of the platform, on which he has been sitting engaged in conversation with the speaker of the day, and says, "We are very glad and also greatly honored to have with us Mr. So-and-So," etc. There is no use mentioning the rest of the introduction as every one knows it by this time.

The speaker then arises and starts his speech in the same words used by speakers addressing High Schools since time immemorial, namely these: "I am very glad to look into your bright intelligent faces this morning," etc. It is useless to repeat this also.

When the speaker is fairly launched on his subject it is curious to watch the different expressions on the faces of the students. Probably some pupil over in the corner, who has been up the night before and is now enjoying the effects on the morning after, has piled up his books as a pillow and is now sleeping the sleep of the just. Another person may be staring hard at the speaker with apparent interest in the hope that his English teacher may notice and in consequence give him a higher mark for attention. Then there is a large class of indifferent students who will study the designs on the wall, count the buttons on the vest of the speaker, note the color of his suit, the pose in which he stands and countless other things. Nine-tenths of the pupils in this class, could, at the end of the lecture, tell better whether the speaker needed a shave, than the subject on which he spoke.

At the end of the lecture, the speaker is warmly applauded, not because the pupils like the speech, but because they are in hopes that he will speak longer and thus take some of the time from the next two periods.



LITERARY



Ethel Walker, '13

A Model History Class

It was in U. S. History room;
Our teacher made the plan
Of reading to the Senior Class,
And next day he began.

The theme was a convention;
Fiske was the author's name;
And when he asked if he should read,
"Oh yes!" all did exclaim.

The teacher took the little (?) book,
And told how long 'twould be,
Then glanced around and wondered why
Their faces showed such glee.

Page followed page, the time flew by;
The room grew very still.
It seemed the interest was intense,
It did seem so until—

Well, Cupid was the first one,
He succumbed without delay,
You see his heart was with his tho'ts,
And those were far away.

Just then the warning bell was rung—
High time one would surmise—
The peaceful slumberer awoke,
His face filled with surprise.

Our teacher is much wiser now,
His mind is filled with light;
Instead of letting us sleep on,
He makes us all recite.



LITERARY



Florence Elsey, '13

The Class Acrostic

Solemn or silly, giddy or gay,
Earnest or lazy, which do you say?
Naughty or nice, tousled or slick?
It's a fine class; come take your pick.
Our class teacher is MISS ESTELLE LEACH.
Ruth-less? Never—we find her a peach.
CLARENCE, our jester, and CUPID, the love,
Lorn DOROTHY, the betrothed, hit by above;
ALICE, our PENNY, with CHARLES as cashier,
STOCKMAN, a sportsman-like leader is here;
SARAH, a BELLE, and WARDE, our FOWLER,
Nice little MARJORIE, and BATTY, the Growler;
ISABEL LUCE, who's just from the East,
Nice fresh HERRING and fat HAMM—a feast;
EDNA, a STONEBROOK, and BERTHA, our MILLER,
TOWNE and GRACE HORNER—Jack Horner's sister;
EDITH, our President, and MARGARET, a FAIRY,
EDGAR, the shy, and LORENA HOCKENBERRY;
Naughty ADELAIDE and BOOKY, our EARL,
These make a trio with MAUDE E—, our pearl;
HELEN McDONALD, six feet and three,
Isn't that a team with gay sweet MARIE?
REYNOLDS and GAIL with LOIS, our BAKER,
THOMPSON and LOYD—neither a “fakir”—
ESTHER and STELLA, and one GAMMON more,
ELSEY, LILLIAN, with the lost LENORE;
NOLAN and LEAH, and ETHEL, our WALKER,
SARAH and DONALD, LOUISE—such a talker!
Pedagog ARTHUR, CORIN D— and WALTER;
Here they all are now—every last one,—
Such as it is, my “poem” is DUNN.



LITERARY



Violet Lacy, '14

A Freshman who had ne'er before
Set foot upon a High School floor,
When through the grades resolved to go
And see what S. P. High could show.

He couldn't speak a word of "Dutch;"
His store of grammar wasn't much.
Through with his work in 21,
Toward 23 went on a run.

Oh, Freshman, haste thee not so fast,
But list to one with knowledge vast:
I've had 9th English, heed my speech—
If you value life—skidoo (23) Miss Leach.

Alas! he heeded not my plea
But entered in room 23.
So here my story must needs end—
I never saw that lad again.

He may have struggled with the tenses,
And, so doing, lost his senses:
Perhaps she asked him tell of "heard,"
And he replied, "Intransitive verb."



LITERARY

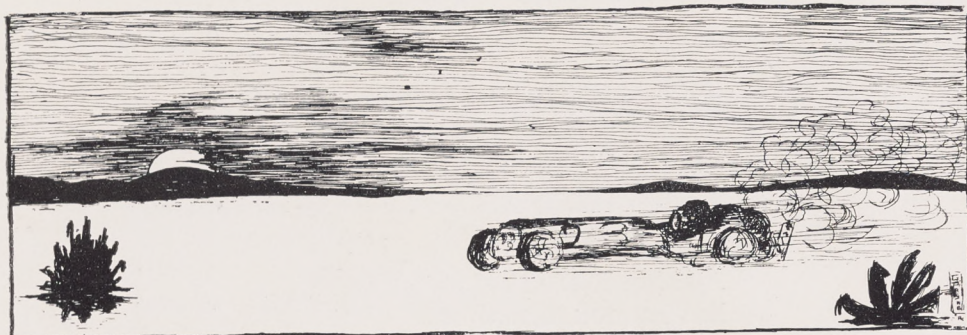


Warde Fowler, '13

A DESERT TRAGEDY

I.

With a terrible roar and a blood-chilling bound,
The great desert racers spring off of the ground
And away.
There are forty in all and they're all in the fight;
Their engines are roaring, their lamps shine out bright.
Their drivers are pushing them with all their might,
With the speed of a bullet they rush through the night,
For the fray.



II.

They leave the smooth roads of the city and town,
On the face of the driver there comes a slight frown
And he sighs,
For he knows there are moments of danger at hand
In the desolate desert, in the treacherous sand;
But he rushes his car through this terrible land,
And he makes better time than he ever had planned.
How he flies!

III.

As he rushes along, down this lone desert trail,
A new factor enters, a bright little nail—
Please don't smile.
It enters a tire on the rear of the car,
A blow-out results. There's a terrible jar—
The auto and contents start out for a star—
But long ere they reach it, they see it's too far
By a mile.



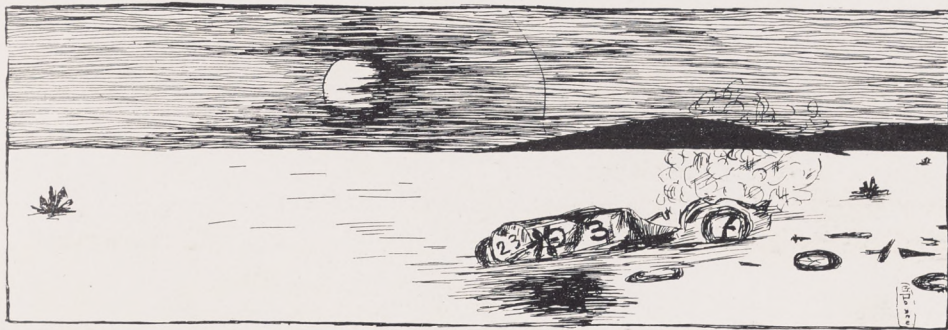
LITERARY



IV.

They drop back to earth with a sickening thud,
The auto's a wreck, and the driver's red blood
Flows around.

The moon gleaming forth, by its mellow bright sheen,
The nery young driver's dead body is seen
Lying, alone, by the ruined machine,
And all that is heard is a coyote's scream—
Somber sound.



—o—

Edith Wilde, '13

SUCH IS LIFE

The day of exemption lists had come,
O how the students trembled!
The teachers took their little black books,
And read to the students assembled:
"Baker, Brown, Brown, Cope,"
They smiled in fiendish glee;
And, as they read on down the list,
I found I had a C.

Right then and there I made a vow,
I'd go better than a C;
I studied every night till ten
And raised it to a B.
But when I had attained my B,
I thought I could do better;
And studied hard—I really did—
But B just seems my letter.



LITERARY

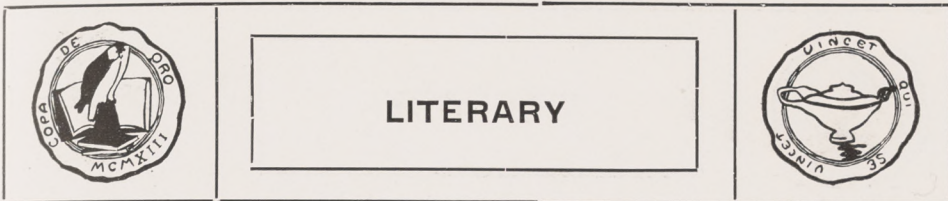


The Land of the Yaqui

Lewis Humason, '14

THE LAND OF THE YAQUI

On the slopes of San Jacinto,
On that aged, snow-capped mountain
In the sunny southland standing,
Where the States and Mexico meet,
Lay the village of the Yaqui,
Now deserted, long forgotten
By all Indians save Tachiqua.
She, the oldest and most ancient,
Ne'er forgot her dear old birthland,
How the soldiers came and fought them,
How they killed that glorious nation,
Drove them from their home and hunt-grounds,
How they fled across the river
To the land of Aztec Indians,
There to build again a village,
With those left of that great nation.
Here the Spanish Padre taught them
Faith surpassing their religion,
Of one God who was Almighty,
True and only God in Heaven.
These were things told to Tacuyo,
Tachiqua's grandson, by the fireside,
Dreaming of the Yaqui tribesmen
As a great and prosperous band.
Dreaming of these great charm'd warriors,
To his heart there came a longing



For the land of his forefathers,
For the slopes of San Jacinto.
Many wakeful nights through lay he
Planning how to reach that village.
Starting on his long, long journey,
To a land, he knew not where,
'Lone he walked o'er trails forgotten,
Where the end no man could tell.
On he travelled, led by instinct,
O'er the hillside clad with sagebrush,
Followed streams and rocky canyons,
Where no man had been before him,
Till at last, athirst and hungry,
To the desert came he, lying
At the foot of that great mountain,
Which so long he dreamed of, hoped for.
Pressing then into the sand-waste,
Without water for the slaking
Of his throbbing, swollen thirst,
Tacuyo labored, plodded, struggled.
On he traveled and still onward,
Always one great goal in sight,
Till at last o'ercome, exhausted
On the sands he lay to die,
With his eyes turned toward the summit.
All before him vanished, faded
As he lay there, now contented
Thus to sleep with no awaking,
Sleep which is God's own making.





LITERARY



ODE TO THE CORDUROYS

Hail thou corduroys,
Fairest garment made;
Pride of Senior boys,
Will it ever fade?

With your velvet softness,
With your narrow belt,
Your right claim to beauty
By each one is felt.

Not a knight's apparel,
Not a princely robe,
Nothing can surpass you
On this earthly globe.

All the girls adore you;
To them you all seem
Such a thing of beauty,
Such a perfect dream!! (?)

Oh! who would believe it
That you one time lay
On a bargain table,
"98" cents today?



LITERARY



SUMMER

Catharine Nolan, '13

Do you hear the voice of summer,
 Raised above the voice of spring?
I am sure the birds all hear it
 For harken how they sing.

It is but a tiny whisper,
 And yet it fills the air.
Yesterday you could hear it,
 It was winter everywhere.

You can hear it in the meadows,
 Tinged today with color green.
You can feel it in the sunshine,
 Dancing there with golden sheen.

You can hear it if you listen
 On these quiet moonlight eves,
'Tis the longed-for voice of summer
 Just a a whisper in the leaves.

—o—

?

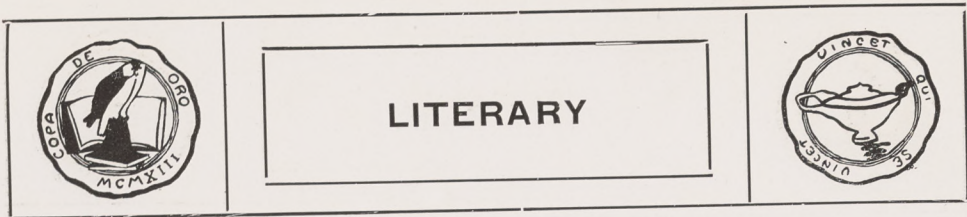
Kathryn Caskey, '14

There is a class which all adore, (?)
They win the trophies by the score; (?)
It is the brilliant Senior Class
Whose brightness none can e'er surpass. (?)

Their order in the study hall
It never needs the teacher's call (?)
They're angels every one—in looks—(?)
You'll find them buried in their books. (?)

Of course the grades on their reports,
Are always just of the right sorts (?)
And if you e'er attend a game,
You'll find the Seniors win the fame. (?)

I wish that this were really true,
It may be of some, but of precious few.
If they'd take for their standard the Junior Class,
Then they surely would be hard to surpass. (? ? ?) '13).



A. Penny, '13

WHY

I wonder if you'll tell me
Just why it always is
My teachers never seem to see
My true worth as it is.

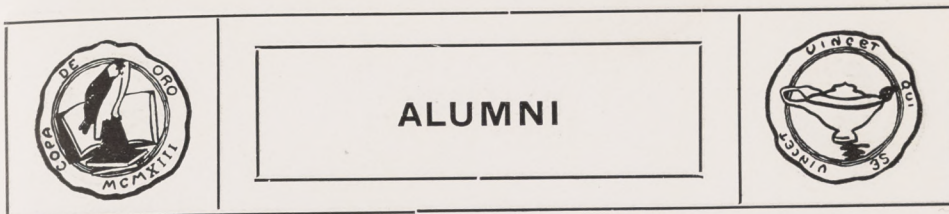
When I think I know a question
And I madly wave my hand,
They tell me my suggestion
Isn't worth its weight in sand.

One day I came to English,
My brain was working fine.
I was called on to distinguish
A bill-board from a sign.

In vain Miss Leach did ask me—
I blushed a rosy red—
Just then I thought I'd rather be
At home safe tucked in bed.

But I summoned all my senses
And gave her this reply:
"Indeed to save expenses!
I cannot tell you why!"

But in my heart I wonder
Just why it seems to be
The questions hard as thunder
Are the ones that come to me.



This year finds the Alumni Association of the South Pasadena High School completely organized with a Constitution and By-Laws, adopted at the Alumni Banquet at the Mt. Washington Hotel last June. With the graduation of the Class of 1913, the Association will have a membership of 146 as compared to 98 at present. The greater portion of these young people are attending higher institutions of learning and those who are not are already making their mark in the world.

There are two big reunions of the Alumni Association each year, by which members are able to keep in touch with one another, and keep in touch with the affairs of the old school. The first of these takes place during the Christmas holidays, when Alumni Day is celebrated at the High School. The other occurs in June, at the Alumni Banquet and "Jolly-up," when the graduating class is received and the officers elected for the ensuing year.

The present officers are: President, Palmer Ritchie, '11; Vice-President, Louise Mason, '11; Secretary, Helen Freedle, '11; Treasurer, Clark Swan, '11.

Class of 1907

Helen High—Employed in Mt. Wilson Carnegie Observatory.

Ethel Bashore—Teaching school.

Dr. Marion Burns—Residing in South Pasadena.

Mrs. Goldman (Edna Munger)—Keeping house in South Pasadena.

Mrs. Staples (Freda Coward)—Keeping house in South Pasadena.

Mrs. Scheckler (Hazel Finch)—Dulzura, Cal.

Class of 1908

Maude Thompson, Bessie Farrell, Pearl Crutchfield, Lillian Hilliard—Teaching school.

Mildred Chase—Teacher of Domestic Science in San Jacinto High School.

Eunice Baldwin—Married; lives at Bishop, Cal.

Clarence Lewis—Denver, Colo.

Muriel Trott—South Pasadena.

Anna Miller—Working in Los Angeles.

Leon Axtman—Surveyor.

Mary Gillies—Occidental; Senior.



ALUMNI



Class of 1909
Original Membership, 20

ADVANCED EDUCATION:

Seniors—Victor F. Collins, U. C., Occidental College two years.
Ira G. Thomas, U. C., Engineering Course, U. S. C. two years.
Harry J. Moore, U. S. C., Civil Engineering; Assistant Instructor.
Carl V. Cooper, U. S. C., Liberal Arts College.
Stella Freeman, Occidental College.
Wellford Seay, Occidental College.

Sophomores—Harry Howard, U. C., Engineering Course.
E. Lester Cox, U. S. C., Liberal Arts College.
Post Graduate work two years.

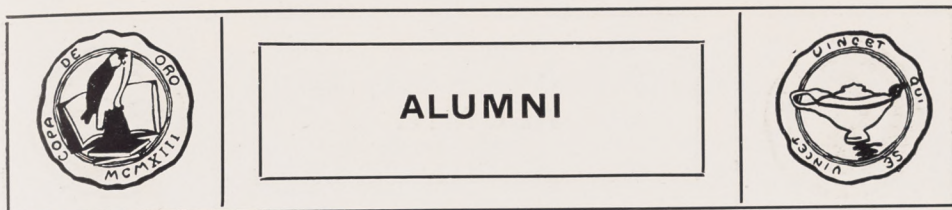
Freshmen—Henrietta Castleman, Occidental College; Graduate of State Normal School, L. A.; teaching Kindergarten in Los Angeles.

PROFESSIONAL:

Aileen Thompson, Graduate of State Normal School, L. A.; teaching in Tulare County; residence, Los Angeles.
Belle Upham, Graduate of Mackay Business College; teaching in Mackay Business College, Los Angeles.
George G. Coots, Member of the Central Plumbing Company, South Pasadena; Married.
John L. Coots, Member of the firm, Smith & Coots Plumbing Company, South Pasadena.
Katherine Plimpton, Graduate Nurse; Married to Mr. Rothenberg; residence, near Seattle.
John E. Walters, U. S. C., two years; Chemist in a Cidar and Vinegar Mill in San Diego County; residence, Wynola, Cal.
Daisy Jackson, Real Estate; Fullerton, Cal.
Carlton Gilbert, Real Estate, with Robert Marsh & Company, Los Angeles; Married (soon).

RETIRED: (?)

Mrs. Anita B. Mitchell (nee Mathis), one year at U. C.; residence, Los Angeles.
Mrs. Neida Butler (nee Dedman), two years in Alaska; residence, British Columbia, Canada.
Mildred Wadsworth, Occidental College, two years; traveling in New England.



Class of 1910

Those who are attending schools are:

Dwight Baker—University of California.
 Mildred Keith, Homer Wride, Edwin Lawyer—Occidental.
 Lee Eskridge—Chicago University.
 Eunice Atkinson—Pomona.
 Harold Barden—University of Illinois.
 Douglas Richards—Has been at Stanford.

The professional members of this class are:

Mildred Allen, Alta Bailey, Reine Rogers—Teaching school.

In business or at home:

Lloyd Cosper—South Pasadena Bank.
 Ralph Wilcox—Working in Los Angeles.
 Hester Lauman—At home.

The following are married:

Mrs. Palmer (nee Helen Reynolds)—Lives in Garvanza.
 Mrs. F. C. Brown (nee Mary Massey)—Lives in Lordsburg.
 Mrs. W. G. Mittag (nee Grace Walthery)—Lives in Park Ridge, New Jersey.

Class of 1911

Marie Axtman, Mabel Everett, Edna Ferry, Margaret Brickels, Daisy Trott and Cora Vail are attending Normal. Helen Freedle is working in Los Angeles. Louise and Helen Mason are at home this year.

Harold Huntington and Genich Kadoya are at U. S. C. Palmer Ritchie is at Occidental and Frank Kitsuda is at the University of California. Claude Hunter is running an auto stage near Bakersfield and Clark Swan is working here in town.

Class of 1912

Those of this class who have entered schools are:

Margaret West, Wendell Elsey, Hilda MacDonald—Occidental, Freshmen.
 Grace Judkins, Carol Caskey, Helen Pierce, Arline Magor—Normal.
 Raymond Stone—University of California.
 Lucile Spencer—University of Southern California.
 Kathryn Clemons—Bishops' School, San Diego.
 Gladys Thacker—Cumnock School.
 Ruth Venberg—Woodbury's Business College.



ALUMNI



Julian Fleming—Pennsylvania University.

Helen Pearson—Business Course, N. Y.; home now.

Those who have entered professional life are:

Ruth Johnson, Nellie Ratcliff, Marguerite Powell—Achieving success at the Pasadena Hospital.

Arthur Wadsworth—Assistant Telegrapher.

George Allen—Surveyor, South Pasadena.

Adele Axtman—At home.

Fred High—Real Estate, Wm. R. Staats.

Mr. S. Fukasawa—Working at Visalia.

Chas. Coots—Following family profession with Coots & Smith Co., Plumbers.

Lorenzo Whiting—Pacific Light & Power Co.

Gara Williams—Law Office, Exchange Bldg.

Helen Royce—Stenographer—Hellman Bldg.

Laura Royce—Real Estate, Hellman Bldg.

Ola Finch—At home in South Pasadena.



LOUISE DODGE MORTALLY WOUNDED GRAFT DISCOVERED



CUT PLAYING WITH KNIFE

Parting Words: "I Wish Louie Were Here"—Her Many Friends Will Mourn the Loss.

Special to Copa de Oro: At 10:15 this A. M., Louise Dodge, our much loved comrade, received a huge gash in the left hand. It was almost imperceptible for a time. The physicians called soon realized it was very serious. If she does not die she will recover.

C. FOSTER PROVES GREAT HERO

Saves Chas. Ewing From Death by Fire

Disastrous Fire at High School

Fire broke out in the school at 11:27 this A. M., and within one second after the signal had sounded every student except Charles Ewing had left the building. Foster valiantly returned and carried him out of the burning building.

SYMPTOMS SERIOUS

Violet Lacy Keeps Straight Face for One Period

Although the symptoms are indeed serious, those watching the case closely, are hoping for the best, and those in attendance say they think she will recover.

C. S. THOMPSON DOES DIFFICULT EX- PERIMENT

Desired Results Obtained; First Time in Years

C. S. Thompson proved himself a great scientist by doing for the Chemistry Class the difficult experiment of obtaining water from H-2-O. His audience was dumb-founded.

PRESIDENT BROWN EATS BREAKFAST

Health Improved—Is Regaining Appetite

Although all President Brown had for breakfast this morning was ham and eggs, fried squab on toast, spaghetti red, mince and pumpkin pie, tea, coffee, buttermilk, waffles and Welsh rarebit, there is great hope for the regaining of his appetite. His attending physician is Dr. Williams, formerly of this school.

MORRELL REYNOLDS HAS PHYSICS LESSON

Although it has been suspected for some time, not until today did Detective Meserve finally round up evidence against Morrell Reynolds, who has had his Physics lesson for the last two days.

BIG SPLIT IN CLASS

Divided in Regard to the Emblems—W. V. Lord Heads Opposition

The fatal movement occurred this morning when W. V. Lord, well known in political circles, gave the signal that started the split in the party.

BIG CLASS REFORM

Seniors Not Called Down for Two Days

Miss Leach fears something ails the Seniors. For two whole days they have been in perfect order when she has entered the room. This is an unusual condition.

FIGHT IN PHYSICS CLASS

Senior Secretary Wears Red Sweater and Bright Green Tie.

Grace Horner Suspected of Being Color Blind

Members of the Physics class were forced to be spectators at a fist fight this morning. Mr. Thompson acted as referee.

ANNUAL EVENT

Occurred yesterday when Harold Cass came to school with his hair combed.

WEATHER FORECAST

Sunny If It Don't Rain

This morning the sun rose in the east. This phenomenon greatly perplexed the scientists and it is as yet unexplained.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

WARDE FOWLER, M. D.,
Office Hrs., 1:50-2:00 A. M.
Phone: Q 00,000

CLARE COPE
Undertaker
First-Class Work Guaranteed.
120 Skull Bldg.

MORRELL REYNOLDS
Attorney-at-Law
713 Hang Bldg.

DR. G. PAYNE
Dentist
Fine Gold Teeth...\$1.98
Absolutely Painful

VINCENT PEET
Dealer in Tombstones
MR. WILLIAM POWELL
Dancing Master

3-hour lessons.....15c
7-hour lessons.....25c
Guaranteed to teach anyone to be lithe and graceful.



Latest Style in Furs

LATEST STYLES
IN FURS

The first design was made especially for stout women, such as Isabel Richards. It is stunning in Prussian sable, but can be beautifully imitated in cat's fur. Styles 2 and 3 are well adapted for slender figures. They are both of imitation astrakan, and decorated with fresh orchids and lilies of the valley, or some little cheap corsage bouquets.

PORTRAITS NOW
IN STYLECouncil Coming Into Great
Prominence—Ladies of
Distinction Done by Him

It is now considered quite the thing to be "done" by Council. Among those who have recently had portraits made are Miss Meek and Miss Cairns.

OUR FASHION PLATE



Patterns 10 cents each. Address all communications on this subject to the head of our designing department, Lloyd Moffitt.

MUSIC NOTES

Composer Now in Our
Midst—Workingman Has
Talent—Charles Ewing
Surprises Friends

Out of gratitude to C. Foster for saving his life, C. Ewing wrote a touching little hymn. It is being sung by the great parlor soloists all over Southern Los Angeles. It is among this class that it is most appreciated. If its popularity grows, he is to be given a medal for his delightful service.

MISS MILLER SINGS
AT CONCERTDelights Audience by Her
Beautiful Baritone Solos

B. Miller ingratiated her hearers last evening by a beautiful rendition of that popular song, "Locked In the Stable With the Sheep."

She was encored again and again, and among the encores she sang were "Updee," "Annie Rooney," and "Toreador Song."

Cynthia Grey Column



Dear Cynthia:—Would you please tell me how to encourage a growth on my upper lip? I am a Sophomore in High School and would like to begin shaving, as all the other boys do, but I have not as yet. Would you advise hair tonic? My friends advise Danderine, but I'm undecided whether or not to use Herpicide instead. Please send private reply.

CLEMENT MESERVE.

I would advise neither Herpicide nor Danderine, as I think that whale oil is much better. If this does not prove satisfactory, try vaseline.

Dear Cynthia:—Do you think it fair for a girl to have three fellows call on the same night when she knows you are coming? I know a girl who had two other callers when I called, and even when I gave her a bag of peanuts she didn't send them home. I would like to have your opinion on this matter.

MEL. DONALDSON.

I certainly do not, especially such a handsome, gallant and courteous young gentleman as you seem to be. Next time I would advise you to stay at home and eat your peanuts.

Dear Cynthia:—

Would you kindly recommend a face bleach for removing freckles? I am quite an athlete and so am exposed to the sun a great part of the time, which results in freckles on my nose and cheeks; in fact, my whole face. I used buttermilk on my face faithfully for three days, but not one of the 326 freckles disappeared. Kindly give me your advice. Yours truly,

GLENN ALLEN.

I fear that buttermilk would be practically worthless in your case, as you are out in the sun so much. However, here is the cure that was made famous by Louise Dodge, that famous freckle doc-

SOCIETY

tor: Put a drop of sulphuric acid on each freckle just before retiring and in the morning you will find the freckle has disappeared entirely.

Dear Cynthia:—

Do you think doughnuts are injurious to the digestion? Please say "no." I simply adore them, but my friends tell me they are unwholesome and are liable to make me thin! Please advise me. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON.

No, I certainly do not think doughnuts unwholesome. I myself eat at least a dozen for breakfast and feel fine. However, I have heard that they are apt to make one freckled.

Dear Cynthia:—

Will you please tell me a becoming way to arrange my hair? It is blonde, thick, long and flowing. I have combed it in all the different ways suggested on your fashion page, but at last am out of ideas, so come to you for help.

BEATRICE WRIGHT.

"Blonde, thick, long and flowing." What a picture! I would advise you to cut your hair, and thus save time and trouble, as advised by Lenore Hamm, the famous beauty doctor.

Dear Cynthia:—

Please tell me how I can become husky. I am 4 ft. 8, and weigh 95 lbs. My teachers tell me that study would be good for me, but my friends discourage me. I have been told that "Fatum" is very good also. Would you advise grape-nuts? Thanking you in advance.

RICHARD PALMER.

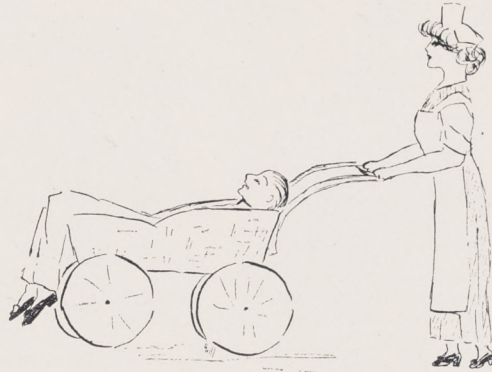
I would advise a package of grape-nuts every hour and three gallons of buttermilk three times a day. This may sound like a rather strenuous diet, but I can guarantee that it will kill or cure. I have had many patients try this and, while none of them are here to show the results now, I am confident that you could better your condition by its use.

Weekly Health Hint

Avoid all water as you would poison.

How to Make Work Basket of Shavings

Thoroughly masticate the shavings and when they have become a soft pulp, mould into shape desired. After drying several years, will be ready for use.



WHEN FOSTER WAS UNCONSCIOUS

This scene from "American versus Rugby football," was one of the most touching ones in the whole play. Mr. Foster played the role of the dying hero, while Miss Gillies played that of the Red Cross nurse. To see the limp hero being wheeled from the scene of the fray was extremely pathetic, and the handkerchiefs were much in evidence in the audience just at this time.

THE BACHELORS' CLUB GIVES MOTOR PARTY

Professor Thompson Acts as Chaperone

The Bachelors' Club, which is made up of Messrs. Lord, Fowler and Van den Braak, gave a motor party to a few of their friends last Tuesday. Prof. Thompson, who acted as chaperone, has shown his efficiency along those lines. The party was composed of Misses Judkins, Baker, Faires, Harvey, Wride, Horner, Wadsworth, Dodge and Wilde, and Messrs. Messer, Honner, Towne, Cope, Reynolds, Kiesling, Boekennoogen, besides the hosts.

Announcement Party

A party was given yesterday evening at Dorothy Wadsworth's home on El Centro Street, at which her engagement was announced. The man in the case is not well known among the "Daily's" readers, so his name need not be given. He is a blonde, however. "Nuff said."

PUGILISTIC BANQUET

Stuart Ingram Given Banquet by Sports' Club

A large part of the Sports' Club attended an elaborate banquet given

last night in honor of Stuart Ingram, who has just returned from the East with great pugilistic honors. He won twelve gold, four silver and thirteen tin medals from the series of bouts in Chicago, but seems to take his honors with a becoming modesty. Among those present were George Dudley, Henry Elliott, Wilford Green, George Towne, Sherman Freeman and Edgar Beasley, all enthusiastic supporters of the club.

SHOWER GIVEN FOR MISS ALICE PENNEY

Miss Lillian Magor gave a miscellaneous shower before Alice Penney goes East to be married. An enjoyable time was experienced by all. Miss Penney received many useful articles for her future duties, among which were an egg-beater, which was given to her by Louise Dodge; rolling-pin by Miss Krigbaum, and a bulldog, by Miss Daggett.

JANE THOMPSON, PHILANTHROPIST

Takes 200 Newsboys to Grand Opera

Hear Stockman in leading role in "Faust." Other members of the cast were Farrar, Scotti, Caruso, Tetrizzini and Human-Schenk.

SOCIETY

(Continued from page 3)

BOX PARTY AT
GEM THEATRE

Roy Pearson entertained a host of friends last evening at the Gem. After the show, they all had supper at Weaver's. A most enjoyable time is reported by those fortunate ones who attended. Among those present were the Sophomore and Junior classes and the Faculty.

LUNCHEON BY DOMESTIC
SCIENCE PUPILMarymae Cattern Hostess.
Cooks and Serves Dainty
Luncheon Herself

A unique affair was given yesterday, when Marymae Cattern acted as hostess at a luncheon. One of the novel features was that it was served at 7 P. M., due to the fact that the preparation took more time than was expected. Everyone thought it quite a coincidence that the hostess had included

five doctors among her guests. Among others unfortunate enough to be invited were Julia Valentine, Bessie Bradbeer, Anna Perkins, and Esta Kite.

PINK TEA

Farewell Function

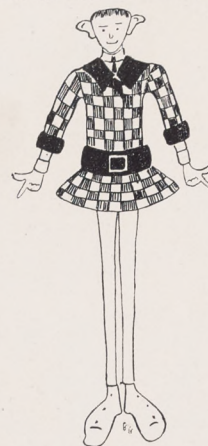
One of the most delightful functions of this season occurred yesterday afternoon when Miss Merle Reynolds gave an elaborate "pink tea." The house was beautifully decorated with sprays of pink orchids and sunflowers, the hostess receiving the guests in pink chamoise and cluny lace. Among the guests were Bill Beasley and Bennie Cravens, the famous ball players.

INTRODUCES PRODIGY

Genevieve Ocheltree Hostess at Recital

A very select piano recital was given yesterday afternoon, when the boy prodigy, Boekenoogen, ap-

peared for the first time in public. He has recently returned from abroad, where he studied under the great artists. It is true he attacked the piano



rather forcibly once, but his attendant quieted him down within a few minutes.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

SELECT PLACES TO
DINE

- BOONE'S—
Glendon Way
Tables for Gentlemen
- BENNY'S PLACE—
Bairdstown
Open All Day
- DAIRY LUNCH—
Sunny days, front steps.
Rainy days, music room.
Waste baskets furnished
free.
- LOST—Rep. Charles
Ewing.
- LOST—One pound avoirdupois. Cupid.
- LOST—3 inches of hair.
Finder may keep it, if
he puts lock in his
watch and pays for this
ad. L. Hamm.
- WANTED—One more hair
pin. Esther McCoy.
- WANTED—Handsome
young lady with perfect
teeth, to advertise my
new chewing gum.
Harry Bent.
- WANTED—Cozy, cheap
house for two. Must
have a swinging seat on
porch, surrounded by
vines. Dorothy Wadsworth.
- WANTED—To trade motorcycle for lot on Triangle. L. Filley.
- WANTED—Knowledge of
Anti-Fat. E. Wilde.

PERSONAL—Why be lonesome? Send me your name, and I will find your soul mate, and send you his picture. Many have found happiness through my agency. L. Dodge, C. Ewing, G. Howard, G. Allen, and many others. Sarah Belle Pealer, Box X77, 777, Daily.

CAT HOSPITAL—Cats boarded by day, week and minute. Also taken for keeps and cared for until dead. Newton Catterton.

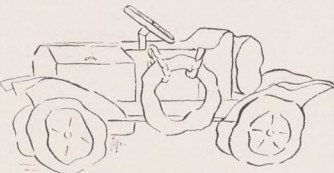
KIU KITSU LESSONS

1-12 P. M.
William Weldon

FINE DINNER
for 11 Cents at
HANNAH BAKER'S
Lunch Counter

DALLAS SPEERS, Veterinary. Guaranteed to be kind and gentle to your animals. Member S. P. C. A. Phone xyz.

RALPH WARD—Football Coach. Guaranteed to show you a nice, quiet game. All roughness tabooed by me. Played on Watts team for two years. P. O. Box abc.



1914 Model

GARFORD (TWO)—Has all the inconveniences of 1913 model and many more. Will go one mile on six gallons of gasoline at the rate of three per. Any able-bodied man can push it.

LORD MOTOR CO.

PHOTOGRAPHS

Taken While You Wait
Special Attention to Girls
All photos guaranteed
unrecognizable
VAN DEN BRAAK
STUDIO

PAWN SHOP

C. Foster, Prop.

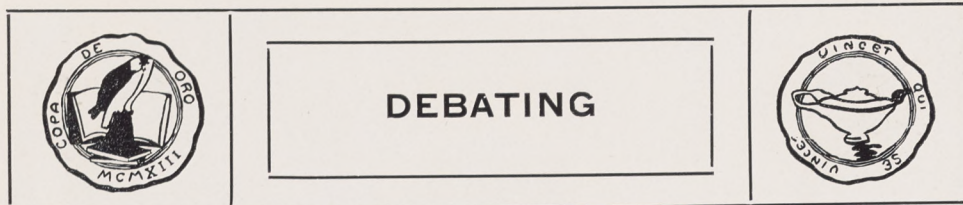
Engagement Rings...\$1.59
Smoking Sets 3.98
Mandolin Free

WANTED—To trade Five D's, all in good condition, for an automobile, or what have you? Pinky.



DEBATERS AND ORATORS

BARRETT KIESLING	MARGARET FAIRES	WARDE FOWLER
GENEVIEVE OCHELTREE	LOIS BAKER	
LYNN TUTTLE	HUGH WADDELL	



B. C. K., '13

THE DEBATING CLASSES

The Debating Classes remain as last year under the able coaching of Miss Young. The classes are considerably larger, showing intensified interest. Outside of the regular classes, the debates between the two Caesar Classes on problems arising in their texts, have brought forward students who have shown considerable skill and cleverness in the development of their arguments.

—o—

S. P.-L. A. DEBATE, November 27, 1912

This time it was certainly a case of "the higher they are, the harder they fall." We made good last year and on the strength of that hard-fought-for reputation, the largest crowd in the school's debating history assembled in the Auditorium to hear Warde Fowler and Barrett Kiesling uphold the honor of the school against Follette and Cohen of Los Angeles. The question for discussion was: "Resolved: That the Suffrage Should be Restricted by An Educational Qualification." Our debaters upheld the negative side of this question.

Never has so much really genuine, stick-together-support-the-team school spirit been shown as at this debate. The new songs and yells were sprung upon an unsuspecting public for the first time, and in that branch at least we certainly did ourselves proud. L. A.'s band made a brave showing, but they were drowned by the vociferous rooting of almost 250 loyal South Pasadenans.

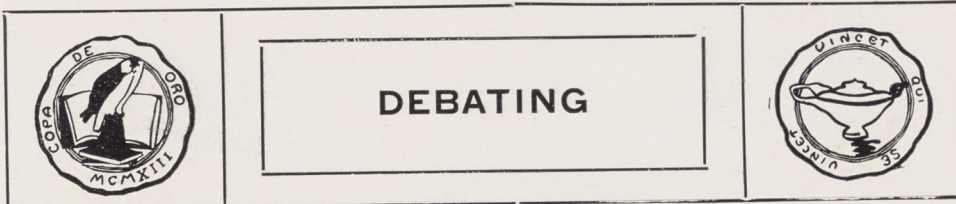
In the debate itself, Follette of Los Angeles gave probably the best example of semi-college debating ever heard in our Auditorium. His arguments, backed by his most evidently mature mind, turned the tide for L. A. Our boys did their best, but the decision of the judges was in favor of Los Angeles. During the interval before the decision, Cope and what purported to be "L. A.'s goat," headed a serpentine that showed the L. A. people, that, decision or no decision, we would still be backing the old school.

—o—

Bertha Miller, '13

SECOND INTERSCHOLASTIC DEBATE

On Friday evening, January 31st, we held a debate with Inglewood, at Inglewood. There was a large delegation, and a very enthusiastic one, from the old school there and they certainly supported the team in good old South Pasadena fashion. The question was: "Resolved: That For-



eign Immigration Should be Further Restricted." The debaters for Inglewood were Grace Lawrence and Anita Leftwich, while, supporting the affirmative for South Pasadena, were Hugh Waddell and Lynn Tuttle. The boys upheld the honor of the school and we were very proud of them. When the judges' decisions were announced to be 200 to 185 2-3 in favor of Inglewood, we stood up and gave them a sample of genuine S. P. spirit.

Waddell received second place and we had every reason to feel proud of our team.

After the debate, lunch was served in the dining room, which showed us in a material manner that Inglewood knew how to give her guests a good time.

—o—

Robert Honner, '14

DECLAMATION CONTEST—Pomona Collge, March 22

A preliminary declamation contest was held March 7 to choose a representative for this school at the First Annual Interscholastic Declamation Contest, under the auspices of Pomona College. There were six contestants in the preliminary and Mr. Kiesling took first honors with Senator Borah's speech on the "Direct Election of Senators."

Eleven schools were represented in the main contest at Claremont, March 22. Mr. Kiesling made the trip for the school and Mr. Honnor was also sent as alternate. A good time was certainly on tap all during the stay.

Kiesling landed just outside the medal zone, but received fourth place out of the large field of eleven of the best Prep School speakers in Southern California.

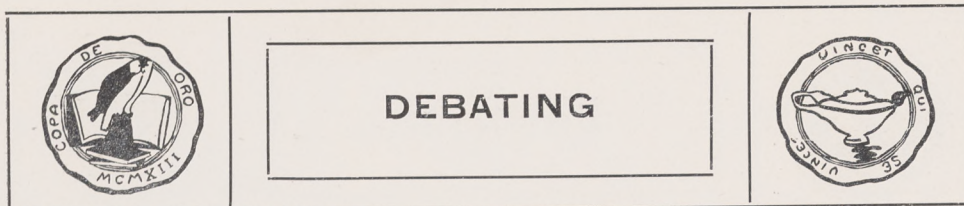
—o—

Hugh Waddell, '15

SOUTH PASADENA vs. HOLLYWOOD—March 28

On the night of Friday, March 28, a crowd of about fifty true, loyal South Pasadena supporters assembled in the large Auditorium at Hollywood to hear the "Orange and Black" defended against the "Red and White" of Hollywood. The question for debate was: "Resolved: That a Tariff for Revenue Only Would Lower the High Cost of Living for the Wage Earner."

Our team upheld the affirmative, Miss Lois Baker being the first speaker and Miss Margaret Faries second. The Hollywood debaters were Messrs. Herron and Walker. Both sides brought forth fine arguments and the whole debate was highly instructive as well as interesting. Our



opponents were awarded the decision but that did not dampen the ardor of South Pasadena in the least, for we came back with "We'll get you next year, Hollywood."

Score—Affirmative, 173 1-3; Negative, 194.

—o—

Margaret Reynolds, '15

PEACE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The South Pasadena High School was the scene of a spirited contest on Friday night, April 4, when representatives from the five schools, Covina, Bonita, Monrovia, Glendale and South Pasadena, assembled to hear their respective speakers deliver orations on the subject of "Peace."

The manner in which the students treated the subject was very good and was beneficial as well as entertaining to the audience.

Our own speaker, Miss Genevieve Ocheltree, displayed remarkable oratorical power and ease of delivery and the S. P. H. S. students were proud, indeed, of their Sophomore orator.

But, even though Miss Ocheltree was so successful, Covina was determined to make its energetic rooting count for something, and when the judge's decision was made, Miss Marie Anderson, of Covina, was awarded 264 points and Miss Ocheltree received the same. After a consultation of the judges, the visiting school was given the decisive point, the final score being 265-264 in favor of Covina.

South Pasadena was disappointed, but their pride in Miss Ocheltree is as great as if she had been victorious.





SOCIETY



Vera Gammon, '13

THE SENIOR-JUNIOR BANQUET, 1912

One of the prettiest and most delightful entertainments given during the closing month of school last year was the Junior's Banquet for the Seniors, which took place in the High School building.

The invitations were issued for six o'clock, June 10th, 1912. The Seniors were all very prompt in arriving and were welcomed by the Juniors in the hall, which served as a reception room, being tastily decorated with Shasta daisies, the class flower, and ferns. The guests, before being summoned to the banquet hall, enjoyed themselves about the piano.

When all had arrived, they were ushered into the adjoining room, where tables were set for them. The room was most attractive with its appropriate furnishings and decorations, pennants and the class flower being in prominence. A delicious dinner was served by eight of the Junior girls, while music was afforded by the "Victrola."

At the conclusion of the dinner, toasts were given to the "Seniors" by Gail Van Dan Braak; to the "Juniors" by Margaret West, and to "Everybody" by Warde Fowler, after which the Seniors gave their class yell.

To end the happy evening, there were thrown upon the screen, pictures of familiar neighboring scenes, cartoons and the baby pictures of the Seniors.

Much mirth was introduced during the entertainment, so finally, when the hour approached for disbanding, good humor and amiability was established among all and everybody voted that the evening had been one long to be remembered.

—o—

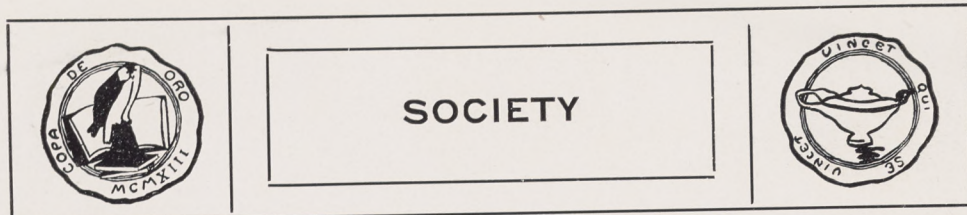
Lillian Magor, '13

THE THREE CHAUFFEURS

The Class of 1912 was singularly fortunate in choosing "The Three Chauffeurs" and "Dianthe's Desertion" combined as the Class Play. The play has enough solid material in it to raise it far above the level of most comedies, but at the same time does not call for the character study that is necessary to make Shakespeare a success. The play, as usual, was under the direction of Miss Estelle A. Leach, Senior Teacher.

The tedious work of rehearsing was faithfully kept up for more than a month, and the result was a well trained company, of which everyone was above the average, and well fitted to play the part successfully.

The plot of the play was laid at the home of Mrs. Spencer in Charleston, S. C., in 1780. A house party is given by Mrs. Spencer for a group of college girls and Gertrude Castleman refuses to attend the party, but



decides to play a joke on the others and come as a country bumpkin. She informs her chum, who is at the party, of her plan. This done she attends the party in disguise and the whole play is centered around Melindy, or the country Bumpkin. The second act was composed of a delightful little colonial romance entitled, "Dianthe's Desertion." Lucile Spencer played the part of Dianthe very beautifully, and Helen Pierce acted the part of Mistress Ramsey so delightfully that it will long be remembered.

The play was a success in every way and well deserves the reputation which it bears—one of the best Senior plays ever produced—and the 8th of June will long be remembered by the cast as the night of their triumph.

CLASS NIGHT OF 1912

The Class of 1912 made a big hit and also furnished a delightful entertainment in their Class Night exercises on June 19. This was the second time a class graduated from S. P. H. S. gave its Class Day program in the evening when their friends could share their pleasure.

The sweet girl graduates looked their sweetest in dainty gowns of various colors. The handsome Senior boys were handsomer than ever in their dignity as graduates.

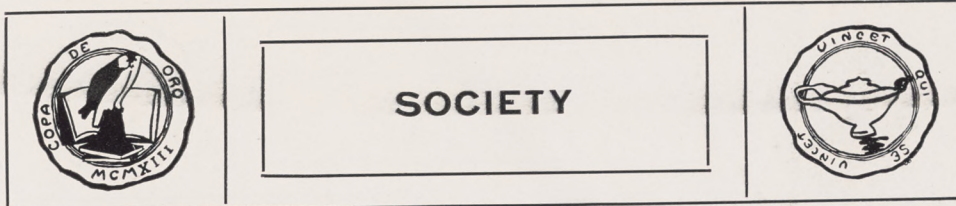
The Class President gave a short but cordial address to the soon-to-be Seniors. The seal of the Last Will and Testament was broken and the contents solemnly read. The owl was presented as a mascot to the Class of 1913. A fine class spirit was evident throughout the program and was especially noticeable in the original class song and yell.

The class presented a "Victrola" as a memorial to the school.

The prophecy was a clever little skit foretelling the future of each member of the class. The scene was that of a railway station where many of the members appeared showing, by their dress and conversation, their occupation and manner of living. The Office Clerk, the Baggage-Man, the Scrub-Woman, the Dude, the Honeymooners—all brought shrieks of laughter, which did not cease until the curtain was drawn and the class appeared in their present-day costumes and manners, bearing a daisy chain.

Another unique feature was the presentation to each member of amusing little gifts which should serve them on their journeys through life. The spirit of the illustrious Class of 1912 is best voiced in the class yell:

Zip! Zip!
 Give 'em a tip!
 "There's many a slip
 'Twixt the cup and the lip."
 Don't fuss!
 Profit by us—
 Class of 1912!



Marymae Cattern, '16

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

"What character shall you take?" "I am sure that I shall know you." "Everybody will guess me, I'm afraid." Such were the doubts and exclamations that went the rounds just before the event of the High School Masquerade Party. Yes, everybody was alert at the very mention of masquerade.

At last the important evening was at hand. Anyone might know that something was happening at the High School that night for the building was brightly illuminated and the automobiles stood waiting outside.

As we went inside we found the school transformed and a scene so like fairyland greeted us that one would think that Alladin had been there with his wonderful lamp. The Assembly room was artistically decorated with green and yellow paper. The black paper images of witches riding their broomsticks were seen everywhere and, of course, the jack-o-lanterns made themselves prominent by shining most brilliantly.

The characters looked as if they might have stepped from some wierd, exciting fairy tale. Harmonious strains of music were heard and all joined in the grand march. Little Bo-Peep tripped along with the Dude; Red Riding Hood with the Priest; the Colonial Girl with the Clown; and the Tramp with the Outwest Girl, while Golden-haired Babies toddled along, keeping time with their rattles. The graceful and many-colored column wended its way down the stair to the morgue, where the belle and swain mingled with the atmosphere of the dead.

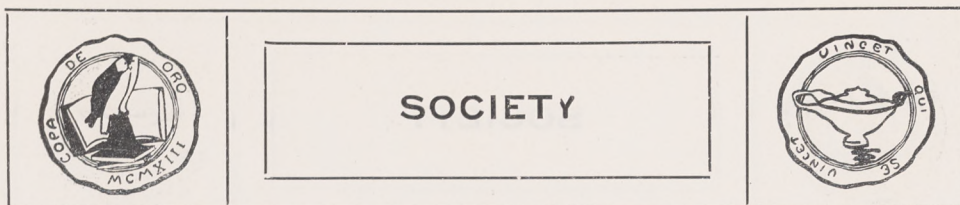
We soon ascended to the Assembly room, where we were afforded the pleasure of listening to Mr. Bonnell, who played musical instruments, sang songs and told funny stories. Miss Gillies then came forward and sang most charmingly her two prize songs, which she had composed for the S. P. H. S. Song Book.

The class spirit was most enthusiastic when the fortunate ones were chosen to take part in the apple-ducking and pie-eating contests. After the prizes for these sports were rewarded, every one partook of the refreshments with true Hallowe'en spirit and appreciation. The memory of the Hallowe'en Party of 1912 will long remain in the minds of the students.

—o—

FOOTBALL PARTY Morell Reynolds, '13

However unsuccessful the football team may have been along the line of winning games, this did not keep it from winning something vastly more significant—the good will of the Senior girls. This sentiment was expressed in a form decidedly otherwise than abstract, on Monday evening, December 2, when the Senior girls gave a banquet in the gymnasium, in



honor of the Football Team. Incidentally, for reasons of hospitality which the Senior girls are too modest to state, the total male membership of the Senior Class was invited, and it is needless to say that they were all present in company with their appetites.

The decorations were beautiful, and showed that the girls are artistic as well as practical. And the "eats?" Why, the old expression, "Like mother used to make," loses its charm when we think of what the girls fed us that night.

This material feature was followed by some highly enjoyable speeches. Miss Leach acted as toastmistress, and showed herself equal to that occasion, as she is to all others. The remainder of the program of speeches was as follows:

- "The Big Tackle".....Mr. White
- "Playing the Game".....Louis Filley (Capt.)
- "The Team".....Mr. Upjohn
- "Football for 1913".....Lewis Humason
- "Football Parodies".....Mr. Bush
- "From the Side Lines".....H. Stockman
- "The Senior Girls".....Clare Cope

The enthusiasm and spirit throughout the whole affair proved that football is now and is to be one of the essential factors in the life of the school.

—o—

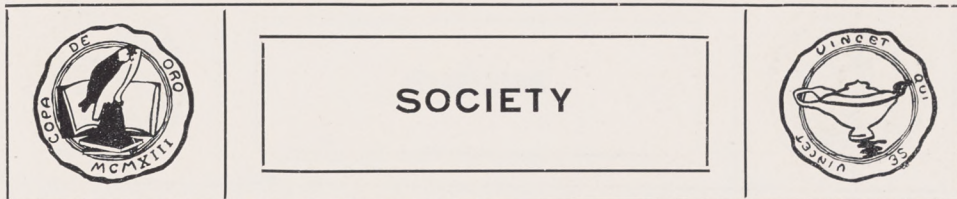
THE SENIOR CLASS PARTY AT SIERRA MADRE

Early Saturday evening, April 22, the Senior Class gathered in one of the most beautiful spots in the San Gabriel Valley—a ranch nestled up among the foothills at Sierra Madre. The pure air was heavy with the scent of orange blossoms and as we strolled under rose-covered pergolas, down little winding paths, through a fern dell and lingered in the little rustic seats we knew the joys of a veritable fairy-land.

We were promptly brought back to ordinary life, however, by the announcement of a picnic supper and soon were gathered around a bonfire and gayly demonstrating our appreciation of the sandwiches, tamales, cake and ice cream.

Then the music struck up and all joined in a grand march. Perhaps the music suggested a faint minor note of sadness as we reflected that this, our first truly Senior Party, was also the first even to foreshadow the end of our connection with our dear Alma Mater. But such thoughts were flitting and a jolly evening was spent in playing the games familiar to our childhood, not so far away.

The festivities ended with the hearty cheers in which the class expressed their appreciation of our hosts and hostesses, Mr. and Mrs. Calwell and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Fowler.



SENIOR JOLLY-UP

Such excitement and such curiosity as reigned when the arrival of the senior pins was announced! Nothing would do but a general jollification to celebrate the event. Accordingly between school dismissal and dark, there was an impromptu feed in the High School Library, where the waste-paper baskets were transformed into receptacles for pop-corn, peanuts, apples and quantities of fudge.

Quite impressive was the little ceremony in which the Committee on Class-Pins called the names, one by one, and delivered to each the precious bits of gold and sapphire, which symbolize the golden link that shall hold together in memory's chain the Class of 1913. Enthusiasm reached its height when Miss Leach was shown special favor and recognition as Senior Class Teacher by the presentation to her of one of the Class Pins. One of the amusing incidents of the occasion was the presentation to Mr. Upjohn of an enlarged fac-simile of the pins done in tin and secured by a large safety-pin.

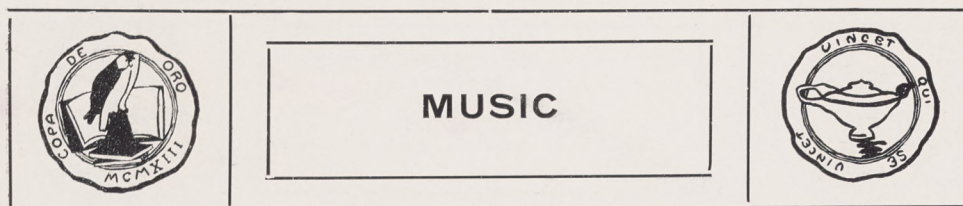
THE COLONEL'S MAID

The Class of 1913 is fortunate in the expert Stage Manager we have in Miss MacKintosh. She has charge of the Senior Play, which will be, from present indications, the most successful one yet given.

A little curtain-raiser is to be introduced in which Clarence Cope and Lois Baker will carry out the role of "Mr. and Mrs. Honeyton, the Happy Pair," and the play proper, "The Colonel's Maid," is a clever and entertaining bit of romance. It is a story of two rival colonels from the Southland, the land of Colonels and Feuds. The children of the rivals fall in love, inevitably, and there are complications and breathless situations galore. The fair charmer, who made rivals of the Colonels, appears as aunt of the young suitor and serves as a link character throughout the play. On the hard head of the stolid Chinese Cook is heaped the accumulated wrath of the entire situation.

Of course the denouement is all smiles and happiness. The characters are well chosen and their work in rehearsals bespeaks credit for themselves and the Class of 1913. The following is the cast of characters:

Colonel Robert Rudd, of North Carolina, a Widower.....	Barrett Kiesling
Colonel Richard Byrd, of South Carolina, a Widower...	Charles Thornburg
Marjorie Byrd.....	Marjorie Gillies
Bob Rudd.....	Walter Lord
Mrs. J. John Carroll, Col. Rudd's Sister-in-Law.....	Lenore Hamm
Julia Carroll.....	Louise Dodge
Ned Graydon.....	Donald Messer
James Baskom.....	Morell Reynolds
Ching-a-ling, the Chinese Cook.....	Warde Fowler



L. Hockenberry, '13

The class of last year was the first to have a Musical Department in its Annual. Last year the music equipment of the school consisted of a Music Room and Pianola. This was used in studying the style of great composers, but the Senior Class of that year added to this a Victrola. The whole school has enjoyed this, for it has been played several mornings at Assembly period and we are now hoping for some new records to enlarge the list of famous artists we already have.

We hope in the coming year, when the new buildings shall be finished, to have a large and much better Music Room.

Several Friday mornings we have had real musical treats:

Mr. Palmer Ritchie sang for us one whole twenty-minute period and the students would have had him singing the rest of the morning if clapping could have kept him at it.

Mr. Belcher, of South Pasadena, gave several selections on instruments which he had made. They were noticeable for their odd shape as well as for the undefinable sound. He imitated the human voice, the pipe organ and a bird singing.

Mr. James Auriena sang for us extracts from an Italian opera. Among his selections was a love song which he sang in Italian. Of course we didn't get the words, but the gestures spoke.

We were entertained by A. Miller, the great tenor soloist. I am sure the music was enjoyed by all who care about good singing. He brought his own pianist, whom we greatly appreciated.

Miss Von Pelt played the violin for us. She is the leader of the Orchestra this year and it has grown rapidly under her supervision. If anybody knows a master of the violin when they hear it played they need only hear Miss Von Pelt.

Mrs. Norton Bobo gave us some delightful selections. She sang "I'm Fruhling" (Fesca); "To You" (Speaks); "June Morning" (Willeby, and "Roses in June," which last she sang in German. This was greatly appreciated, especially by the German students who had learned enough German to be able to understand.

Miss Jessie Stafford whistled for the assembly. Among other things she rendered was "Patti Waltz Song" (Patteson). This was delightfully given.



MUSIC



Sarah Belle Peeler, '13

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

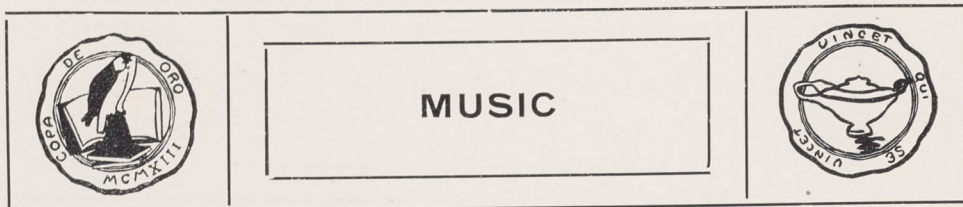
The Girls' Glee Club this year numbers about thirty-five. They meet twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday, at the eighth period, for practice.

The Club is under new direction this year, Miss Florence Cairns having charge of the chorus work of the school and of the Glee Club.

A room, equipped with a Pianola and Victrola, has been provided for the work. The students have the privilege of hearing played famous pieces from Grand Opera and noted musicians.

The Glee Club sang before the Assembly, giving "Good-Night, Good-Night, Beloved." The effect was very pleasing to every one. The Club is composed of four-part voices, first and second soprano, first and second alto. It will render at Commencement, "The Bridal Chorus," arranged from F. H. Cowen; the Cantata, "Rose Maiden," and "Wiegenlied" (Cradle Song), by J. L. Frank.





MANDOLIN CLUB Albert Lacy, '14

An innovation in our Music Department this year is the High School Mandolin Club, composed of Clarendon Foster, Louie Filley, Glen Aron, Bruce Spencer and Merrill Tritt, with Albert Lacy as Accompanist.

This organization has furnished music at our School Parties, as well as for public functions held in the High School Auditorium. The hearty receptions which it has met should be an inspiration for the members to put forth every effort toward making the Club a permanent and indispensable one in the school.





MUSIC



Martha Thompson, '15

THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra was organized in 1911 under the direction of Mrs. Merritt. The players were Ruth List, Helen List, Helen Reynolds, Beatrice Schultz, Martha Thompson, Newell Moore, Lynn Tuttle, Frank Roe and Raymond Stone. The new members are Oscar Bischoff, Harlan Thompson, Harry Bent, Azel Freeman and Orval Wesner. This year the Orchestra is under the direction of Miss Ruth Van Pelt, a very capable Director, and she is not only a Director, but a very talented Violinist.

The Orchestra appeared several times before the Student Body and is preparing to play for Graduation and Senior Play.

There are a great many pupils in the Grammar Schools studying wind and stringed instruments and we expect to have a much larger Orchestra in a few years.





MUSIC



Vera Gammon, '13

THE UKULELE CLUB

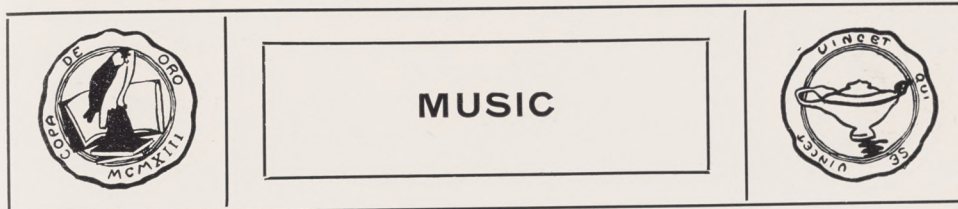
One of the most interesting features of the Music Department in this High School is the Ukulele Club. Although it has been established only for a short time, it has done remarkably well, and given much enjoyment. This Club was organized last semester when Marjorie Gillies was elected President; Jane Thompson, Vice-President, and Louise Dodge, Sergeant-at-Arms. The other members are Violet Lacy, Margaret Reynolds, Almeda Hill, Marymae Cattern, Rosalie Davis, Sara Tritt, Vera Gammon, Helen McDonald and Edna Stonebrook.

They have appeared twice before the School Assembly and at the Oratorical Contest held in the High School Auditorium. Besides appearing at these places they have played at entertainments outside of the school.

Always their playing is appreciated and enjoyed. Among the many selections, the school especially favors that medley in which appears the words, "Cheese, cheese, limurger cheese; nothing for supper but cheese."

And so always is the performing of the Ukulele Club anticipated and welcomed by all.





Lewis Hummison, '14

THE "GYPSY FESTIVAL"

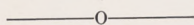
The "Gypsy Festival" was given at the High School on February 7 by the Students' League. Miss Vail had charge of it, and with the assistance of Miss Mason and some of the High and Grammar School girls, carried it through successfully. There was a larger attendance than expected as the night was stormy.

The singing was of the best and was heartily enjoyed by all.

The curtain rose upon a forest glade. This glade was the home of a band of Gypsies. Amid their singing and dancing their Queen brings to them a captive maiden. She is plagued by the band and told that she would in the future belong to them and was to live there. The maiden strenuously objected, but all to no avail. She was forced to stay.

In the second scene the maiden escaped and fled to the woods. Here she fell asleep. While sleeping a band of fairies tripped in. The girl, on hearing them, awakened and told them her tale. The fairies then promised to help her. The Gypsy Queen had in the meantime discovered the flight of the girl. She immediately started the band in search of her. They came upon the glade where the fairies were. These in the meantime had surrounded the maiden so that the Gypsies failed to find her and had to go off without their prey.

The manner in which the parts were handled did credit to Miss Vail, who had trained them carefully.



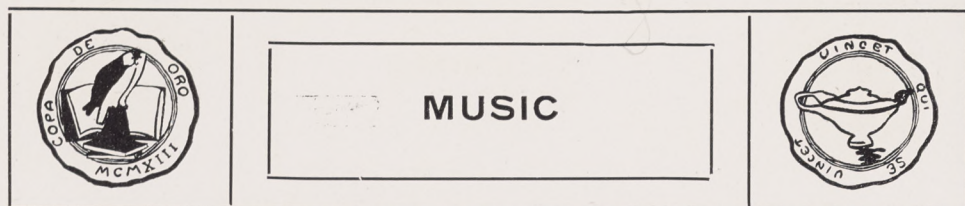
Wilfred E. Green, '15

THE U. S. C. GLEE CLUB

Friday night, March 14, 1913, a concert was given in the South Pasadena High School Auditorium by the U. S. C. Glee Club, under the auspices of the Student Body. The house was well filled.

The program for the most part was very humorous and exceedingly well given; everyone knew and acted his part perfectly. The whole program was certainly of high standard and afforded an enjoyable evening to every one present. Despite the humorous part of the program, a true spirit of loyalty was shown by the Club in the singing of their "Alma Mater."

The proceeds were divided equally between the Student Body and the Club. There was a net gain of seventy-five dollars for the Student Body.



Edith Wilde, '13

CECILIAN CLUB CONCERT

The Cecilian Club, a musical organization whose membership includes some of our High School girls, gave an enjoyable Concert on Saturday evening, April 26. It was a varied entertainment. Margaret Siddall gave us an interesting history of the Club, its work and ideals. Following this came vocal solos by Lenore Hamm and Esta Kite, two two-piano numbers, Marjorie Gillies and Frances Jacobs giving one, and Margaret Reynolds assisting in the other, showing her splendid ability to advantage. Then there were numbers by the Ukulele Quartet, and songs by the Cecilian Quartet. Ruth and Helen List, both former students, gave violin and whistling solos, respectively. The talent of the girls in the Club was well apparent, and was not all musical, for Corin Dodson gave one of her excellent readings, responding to an encore. The last number was an ensemble of the whole Club, closing with "I Love You, California."

The girls should be well commended for their efforts, inasmuch as the entire proceeds were given to the Music Fund of the High School, providing for talent at the Assembly periods. The whole affair was planned and carried out by the girls and proved a very enjoyable entertainment.





CALENDAR



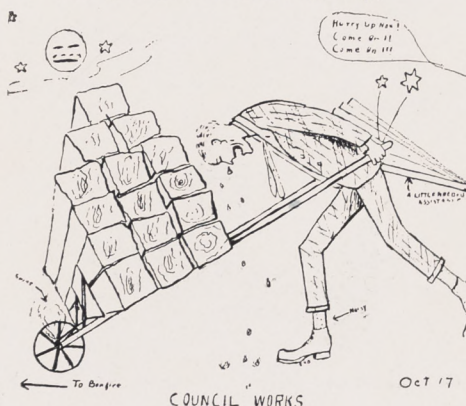
Sept. 16



- Sept. 16—First day of school.
Cope appears with sideburns in honor of the occasion.
- Sept. 17—New rules are introduced. Bells were nervous, also the Freshmen.
- Sept. 18—Freshman girl removed her shoes in the Assembly room. Football discussed.
- Sept. 19—Union of Athletic Association and Student Body was suggested by Mr. Upjohn.
- Sept. 20—First Student Body meeting.
- Sept. 23—Kiesling returns to school: we have to grin and "Barrett."
- Sept. 24—More football. Meeting of fellows interested in football for purpose of deciding about suits, etc.
- Sept. 25—Meeting of students for purpose of uniting Student Body and Athletic Association.
Election of all officers.
- Sept. 26—Money on subscription list increasing.
Seats are placed closer together in Room 23. What will the stout girls do?
- Sept. 27—Tag Day for Football. Help the Cause.



- Oct. 1—Wonder why the Physics Class forgot to go to singing. Did they enjoy the Physics more than the singing?
- Oct. 3—Rain and then some.
Found on the board in Room 23, "Describe Cupid." It would be utterly impossible.
- Oct. 4—Lost, strayed or stolen, one constitution and not Miss Wilde's, either.
- Oct. 7—Everyone had to write out their Ancient History as well as their Modern History on the entrance card.
Cope intends to be a capitalist. (?)
- Oct. 9—Louise Dodge forgot to read the newspapers, but not the funny section.
- Oct. 11—Student Body meeting. A real live discussion for once.
Are we going to give up Friday morning entertainments?
- Oct. 12—First football game, S. P. H. S. vs. Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come!
- Oct. 15—Miss Leach recommends that the Seniors take penmanship instead of music.
- Oct. 16—Football practice game. Occidental Second Team vs. S. P. H. S.; score, 15 to 0 in favor of Oxy.





CALENDAR



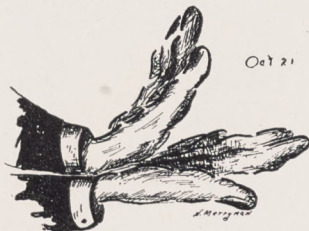
Oct. 17—Student Body tickets on sale. Walter sat on a tack in Solid Geometry. Clarence Council assists the boys in wheeling railroad ties. It is true pathos to see him work so hard.

Oct. 18—Does Sodium explode while traveling over the surface of the water? Ask Mr. Thompson. It was the cause of him taking an impromptu bath and shampoo in the Lecture room this morning.

How many Seniors neglected to study the Prologue? About 50 or thereabouts.

A bonfire and speeches together with "eats" took place on campus about 8 p. m.

Oct. 19—First League Game of Football. Pasadena vs. S. P. H. S. Large crowd turned out. Both teams were supported admirably.



Oct. 21—Don. Messer forgets he is not

at the Orpheum and wildly claps his hands in Senior English when the bell rings.

Oct. 23—Work on athletic field commenced.

Oct. 25—First Student Body program.

Preliminary debate to decide who shall represent the school—Barrett Kiesling and Warde Fowler.



Oct. 26—Football game at Santa Monica. S. M. vs. S. P. H. S. Score, 54 to 0 in favor of S. M. Heck knocked out on account of shoulder.

Oct. 29—Cause—Cupid has a hair cut. Effect—Cold.



"Cupid" gets a hair-cut

Nov. 1—Student Body meeting. Senior girls donated towels to the Student Body to be used by visiting teams.

Nov. 2—Football game. Venice vs. S. P. H. S. Score, 13 to 13. Good football in last half of game.

Nov. 4—Walter Lord was deprived of his vote. What did you do, Walter?



CALENDAR



Freshmen challenged the Sophs to a football game.
Nov. 5—Election in school. Stump speeches.

Miss Ocheltree gets Dick Gilman's goat.

Suffragette parade.

Nov. 7—Mr. Upjohn announced that Friday would be a holiday—Teachers' visiting day. Rejoicing.

Nov. 9—Football game. Chaffee High vs. S. P. H. S.

School Masquerade Party; a grand success.



Nov. 12—Senior Girls' Pigtail Day. Miss Leach joins the girls and is a youngster (?) once more. Which is switch?

Nov. 13—What is so rare as a day in June? Cupid with a hair cut. (Given in IV English by Arthur Brown).

Nov. 14—The new songs were practiced by the Seniors.

Nov. 15—The new school songs were practiced by Student Body.

Football team left in the afternoon for San Diego.

Nov. 16—S. P. H. S. vs. San Diego. Score, S. P. H. S., 7; Army and Navy, 26.

Nov. 18—Cupid goes to sleep in History.

Nov 18



Nov. 19—Mr. White, Mr. Bush and Mr. Upjohn talked to the boys interested in athletics. It hit the spot all right.

Nov. 21—Song practice for the debate with L. A. High.

Nov. 22—Songs and yells were practiced. Yells were given for the debaters.

The meetings called by Senior girls aroused much interest.

Nov. 27—Rally for debate. It was the best ever. Debate, L. A. vs. S. P. H. S. L. A. had some band, but we had them going when it came to the songs and yells.

Dec. 2—Sophomore-Freshmen Football game. Score, Sophs, 39; Freshies, 0. Some football.

The Senior fellows and football boys were given a banquet in the gym by the Seniors girls. Some class!

Dec. 3—The morning after the night before.

Another Physics Ex.

Lewis Humason and M. Reynolds gave the students an account of the Y. M. C. A. Student League Convention at Pomona.

Dec. 4—Basketball is started in real earnest.

Dec. 7—The first League game. Monrovia vs. S. P. H. S. At home. Score, S. P. H. S., 28; Monrovia, 18. A fair sized crowd at the game.

First Tennis Tournament. Alhambra vs. S. P. H. S., at Alhambra. Victory for S. P. H. S.

Dec. 9—Seniors and others create quite a disturbance in the first Assembly period.

B. Kiesling in U. S. History—"They usually 'crown' a person for doing that, don't they, Mr. Upjohn?"

Dec. 10—A puppy visited the Seniors today.

Dec. 11—A cat visited the Senior Class room at noon. The Seniors are thinking of starting an animal farm. (?)

Dec. 30—School once more.

Dec. 31—Alumni Day. About forty-seven present out of ninety-one. They were given a luncheon by the Domestic Science girls. Stunts were given by the Alumni and by the students of S. P. H. S. A basketball game ended the day. Score, S. P. H. S., 40; Alumni, 18.

Jan. 2, 1913—School once more. Students find it difficult to get down to work.

Jan. 3—Miss Leach threatens to change the Seniors' seats—especially Cope's.

Jan. 6—Clarendon Foster created quite a sensation by wearing a most attractive English Derby, together with a cane.



CALENDAR

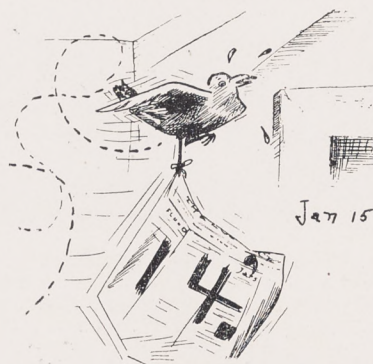


It was an ideal outfit for Clarendon. (?)

Walter Lord has slow leak (?) in a tire.



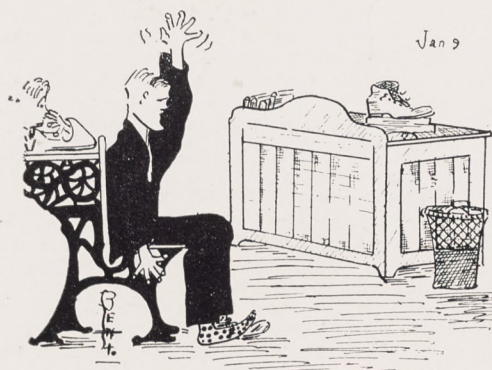
Jan. 15—Louis Filley believes in being original. Louis, be careful how you let the fourteens fly around loose.



Jan. 7—Preliminary Debate. Tuttle and Waddell.

Jan. 9—Barrett lost his shoe in the Physics Lecture room and swears he didn't take it off himself. Who did? Mr. Thompson would like to be enlightened.

"Mr. Kiesling loses his shoe!"



Jan. 10—Senior meeting. Election of officers, etc.

Jan. 14—Mr. Thompson gives the Chemistry Class its regular monthly lecture on "The Evil Habit of Chewing Gum." Physics Class visits Ice Company.

Jan. 16—Mr. Thompson is very much concerned because of the ignorance of Physics Class concerning the gas engine. M. Reynolds' definition for the bore of a cylinder being someone who wearies, did not appeal to Mr. Thompson.

Exit M. Reynolds and B. Kiesling.

Jan. 17—Rally songs and yells for Saturday's game.

Monograms given out to football fellows.

First Staff meeting.

Jan. 18—Long Beach vs. S. P. H. S. at Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. Score, Long Beach, 44; S. P. H. S., 14.

Jan. 20—Junior Class organized.

Senior Class has meeting to decide about pins, etc.

Basketball fellows are given a chicken pie dinner at the Cafeteria by Mrs. Freeman.

Jan. 21—Donaldson sets the spring styles with white flannel trousers and long black coat.



CALENDAR



Caesar appeared with a new "lid."



McL Donaldson

Jan. 22—Faculty agreed that they would confiscate all candy found in school. They didn't get the pound the Physics Class had.

Jan. 23—Senior fellows challenged the winners of the track meet.

"Twenty froggies went to school"—at least one of them appeared in Assembly.

Jan. 25—M. Reynolds gave Miss Cairns a great deal of annoyance during music period.

A debate between the two Caesar Classes was in the Assembly room.

Jan. 27.



The Girls' Ukulele Club gave the students several selections.

Jan. 26—Basketball game at Glendale. Glendale, 32; S. P. H. S., 25.

Tennis Match, S. P. and Pasadena. Won by Pasadena.

Jan. 27—Edna Stonebrook comes to school with new coiffure.

Jan. 28—Miss Leach informs the Seniors that they are the worst English Class she has ever had.

Jan. 29—If B. Kiesling were placed in a bell-jar and all the air were exhausted from the jar, would the hot air melt the glass of the jar? Cope wants to know. Seniors choose class pins.

Jan. 31—Student Body Business meeting. The purchasing of baseball suits was brought up.

Feb. 1—Basketball game. Harvard Military vs. S. P. H. S. S. P. H. S., 44; Harvard, 19. S. P. second team played the last few minutes.

Girls' Basketball game at Burbank.

Feb. 4—Everyone begins to cram for the exams. (?)



Student League starts to sell paper for exams., etc.

Feb. 6—Exams.

Feb. 7—Exams.

Feb. 8—Last Basketball game for fellows. Score, Santa Monica, 56; S. P. H. S., 30. Played at Santa Monica.

Feb. 11—Introduction of new song books. Great success.

Mr. Thompson tells each member who took Physics Ex. how to get As and Bs.

Feb. 13—New music books seem to be the cause of much disorder among the Senior fellows.

Feb. 14—Student Body meeting. Officers of Annual Staff gave suggestions to the Student Body.

Feb. 15—Girls' Basketball game at S. P.



CALENDAR



H. S. S. P. H. S. vs. Covina. Score, S. P., 17; Covina, 16.
Feb. 17—Dorothy Wadsworth displays a shining solitaire. This is so sudden!



Feb. 18—Tuesday Assembly period from now on is to be an announcement day.
Feb. 20—Seniors received their Class Pins.

A regular feed was given in the Library at school about 6:30 p. m.

Feb. 22—S. P. H. S. Girls' Basketball game with El Monte at South Pasadena. Won by South Pasadena.

Track Meet at Whittier. Won by Whittier.

Feb. 28—Peace Oration try-out. Genevieve Ocheltree first place.

Mar. 1—San Fernando Track Meet. South Pasadena manages to land a third in the relay.

Mar. 3—Staff meeting.

Dick Gilman wears a full-grown mustache until Miss Spiegel notices same.

Mar. 4—First Baseball game. Practice game with Pasadena, at South Pasadena. Score, 5-4, favor of South Pasadena. The new suits must have won the game. (?)

Mar. 5—Miss Rowan experiences the laws of gravitation as she slips daintily from the platform during first period.

Mar. 24—School again. Plenty to do and then some.

Pelican Thompson turns topsy turvy. His vest is on backwards and his tie is wrong side out.

Mar. 25—Miss Leach has a new ring. Mr. Upjohn announced that over \$75 was made from the U. S. C. Glee Club.

Mar. 26—U. S. History Class is startled by the statement that they may estimate their grades and hand the estimate to Mr. Upjohn. No doubt everyone will be conservative in their decision. (?)

Mar. 27—Bruce Spencer and his comrades turn out as one-armed veterans. The missing arms appear, however, when the bell rings.

Mar. 28—Don. Faures has a broad band of mourning on his arm today, in Virgil class. King Priam was murdered, so he says. His sister must have translated his lesson.

Apr. 1—H₂S "Heavenly Smell" comes down from the Chemistry Lab. to Miss Leach's room.

Apr. 4—Mr. Thompson delivers a lecture, advising his class to lock the stables so the ponies can't get out.

Apr. 7—Mr. Bush tries his hand at running the furnace. Sam Roe on the sick list.



Apr. 9—A pair of opera glasses was the cause of a great amount of disturbance in Miss Rowan's Assembly Period. She did not appreciate being looked at by such powerful glasses.

Apr. 11—Seniors act as firemen and put Perkins' fire out. A big fire in South Pasadena gave the fellows of S. P. H. S. an opportunity to assist the firemen.

Apr. 12—Baseball game. Harvard Military School, 4; S. P. H. S., 16.



CALENDAR



- Apr. 14—Seniors receive their proofs. Some of the girls aren't satisfied because they don't flatter them.
- Apr. 15—Miss Rowan has formed a habit of filling the front seats in Assembly with the kindergartners who can't behave, namely, Roy Pearson, Morell Reynolds, Clare Cope and accomplices.
- Apr. 19—Senior Picnic at Fowler's Ranch.
- Apr. 21—Pictures were taken of the teams, etc., at Bowman's.
- Apr. 23—Class pictures were taken.
- Apr. 24—Mr. Bush announced that school would close June 20th instead of the 27th.
- Apr. 28—Why those black patches of court plaster on the faces of the boys from Highland Park? A terrible (?) wreck-car off the track.
- Apr. 29—Miss Cairns played the pianola.
- Apr. 30—Mr. Clyde Doyle from the George Junior Republic speaks. Great improvement is being made in the vocal capacity of our Oral English students. Sprecks Allen's groans arouse Mr. Upjohn's sympathy.
- May 1—The Senior girls make good suffragettes. Impromptu confabs are held concerning shoes, gloves and flowers for graduation. Clare Cope says the boys feel left out, and suggests that they vote on whether they shall carry canes and wear violets or lilies in their button-holes or not.
- May 2—Student League Oratorical Contest. Barrett once more shines forth as our leading star of oratory and takes first place. Council and Thompson make their first appearance on the stage.
- May 5—Rev. Horace Day gives a stirring address on "Busting the Broncho."
- May 6—Mr. Jurans takes Mr. Thompson's place for a week. He is shown much attention by the young ladies who hon-

ored him with a shower of roses. Alas! he relegates the gifts to the waste basket. Tears.

May 7—Letters given out in Student Body meeting.

Bent, Pearson and Howard take a sudden leave of their fellow students, as a penance for their disturbance in Assembly.

May 8—The same old strains of musical discord in Assembly Period.

Jane Thompson and Don Faires decorate Study Hall until Miss Leach demands an exit.

May 9—Oral English program. Genevieve Ocheltree opens the program with a touching little speech, well given. Scene from "Henry VIII" by Chas. Thornburg and Morel Reynolds.

May 12—Mr. Thompson returns to the joy of Genevieve Boone, who disliked the attentions paid her by the substitute.

May 13—Mr. Upjohn attempts to calm some unfortunates who have "D's" on their cards.

May 14—Miss MacDonald gives the school a few delightful readings.

May 15—The State Inspector visits school.

May 16—The Typewriting exhibit was quite "speedy."

When did we laugh the loudest? When Charles Ewing sneezed or when Dick Gilman smiled so bewitchingly from the stage at Genevieve?

May 19—A day of foreboding peace.

May 21—Dr. Scherer, of Throop College, speaks on "Parasites."

May 22—Mr. Thompson tells his Chemistry Class their recitations sound like a musical concert by a lunatic asylum.

May 23—The Spanish Play is given by the Freshman Class. "Quite pathetic," say the Spanish students, but the ignorant call it humorous.

Harry Bent wears a sailor blouse and C. Foster a baby military coat. Images of beauty!

May 28—Mr. Charles Pease speaks to the students at Assembly.

May 29—Junior-Sophomore Debate.

May 30—Junior Class gives banquet to Seniors.

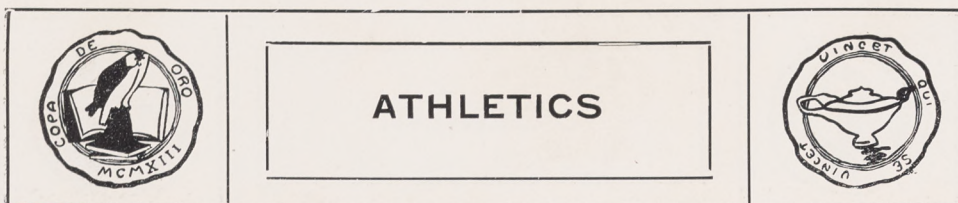
June 13—Class Play, "The Colonel's Maid."

June 15—Baccalaureate sermon by Rev. King.

June 18—Class Night. Original skit. Some original music.

June 19—Commencement.

June 20—Alumni Banquet.



FOOTBALL

The under current of football agitation, which has been flowing for several years, became so vigorous this year that it overcame all resistance and rose to the surface, flooding the whole school and all the surrounding territory. Football is here, and here to stay. The welcome extended to the game and the support accorded the team throughout the season do justice to the game and credit to the school. In the face of the results of some of the games, the attitude of the Student Body is especially commendable. The Student Body had nothing but encouragement for the team at all times, and has nothing but highest hopes for its future success.

Rome was not built in a day; neither was South Pasadena. The school accepted the fundamental principle of this truth and applied it to football. Hence, they did not expect too much from the team. The showing made against schools that have played football for years was highly creditable, while the tie game with Venice proved that we could hold our own with those not more experienced than we.

All the fellows, except Stockman, Thornburg and Lord, will be back next year. They have had a season's experience, in which Mr. White has taught them a lot of football. Furthermore, they have the determination to put into force the old Republican Motto: "G. O. P." (Get off and push). That's the kind of stuff that makes real football.

The following twelve men won their letters this year: Filley, (Capt.), Allen, Powell, Cravens, Spencer, Stockman, Thornburgh, Pearson, Brown, Wyche, Peet and Foster. These men fulfilled the requirements for the winning of the letter, but the valuable work of Waddell, Lord, Gutman, Humason and Cattern must not be underestimated.



FOOTBALL TEAM





ATHLETICS



Morell Reynolds, '13

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Any Basketball Team that is conceded to be "in the running" for the County League Pennant must needs be "some team." Our team was considered such a strong contender for first honors in the League that its reputation frightened the Long Beach champions into putting up one of the fastest and most spectacular exhibitions of basketball ever shown by a High School Team.

Throughout the season the team was constantly weakened by the absence of players, through either sickness or injury. However, we could always manage to send forth a team that could put up a fast, clean game, and that could generally win. Though we lost a few games, the total of the season's scores is decidedly in our favor, and our percentage of victories is one to which most schools might well aspire. We are proud of the boys, and of the work they did for us. They deserve all the credit we can bestow upon them.

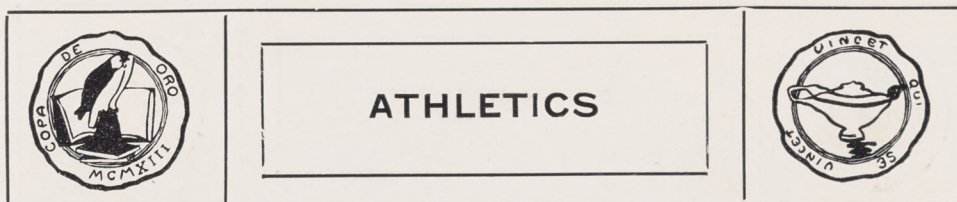
The result of the season's games was as follows:

S. P. H. S.....25	Monrovia 19
S. P. H. S.....55	Pasadena 18
S. P. H. S.....48	Venice 18
S. P. H. S.....48	Alumni 20
S. P. H. S.....43	Alhambra 11
S. P. H. S.....14	Long Beach.....44
S. P. H. S.....25	Glendale 32
S. P. H. S.....33	Oxy. Juniors.....33
S. P. H. S.....32	Santa Monica.....56
S. P. H. S.....44	Harvard M. A.....19
S. P. H. S.....43	Alumni 37
Totals 410	307

11 games played; 7 won; 1 tied; percentage of victories, 70.

The line-up was as follows:

Stockman (Capt.), Wyche and Boekenooogen, forwards; Cope, center; Vanden Braak and Brown, guards. Thornburg substituted equally well at guard or forward, while Lord was always on hand to jump in at forward, when the occasion demanded.



Frank Roe, '14

TENNIS

About twenty Tennis enthusiasts participated in the Annual Tournament held to select the four players who should represent the school. The following were the winners:

First man, Frank Roe; second, Ronald Stannard; third, Wallace Weldon; fourth, Gerald Ritchie; substitute, Ralph Wood.

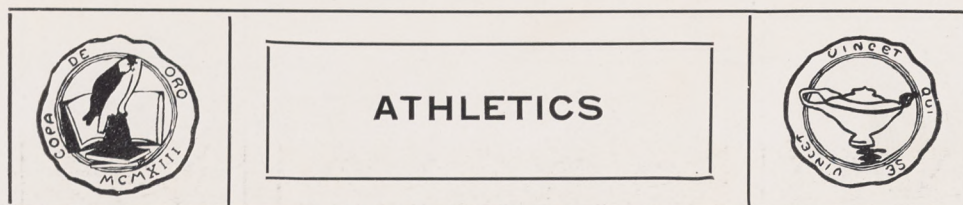
Our first match was with Alhambra. We journeyed over there and managed to win the first singles and doubles, thus giving us the Tournament by one point. The Alhambra boys were satisfied with the small end of the score, and we decided to have a return match on our own courts. This victory was more decisive and we won four out of six matches.

Next we played Occidental Preps., getting the big end with a score of 5-3.

The Pasadena Tournament was all in favor of Pasadena, 1-7.

The U. S. C. Preps visited us and met their downfall at the tune of 5-3.





Los Angeles Military Academy had a better team than we and we lost, 3-5.

We journeyed to Glendale and were taken unawares by the score of 3-5. But we decided we could do better on our own courts, so had a return match. The team showed more form and tied the score, 4-4, which was one consolation.

This year has been the biggest year in the Tennis Department, and there have been many racket wielders developed. None will graduate, so here's to a strong team next year.

The courts were also popular with the girls, a few taking up the sport twice a week for the entire year. After the Basketball season, several other girls came out to chase the little white spheres over the court, and a number of good players were developed. It was decided that they would not engage in the Tournaments this year.

—o—

Morell Reynolds, '14

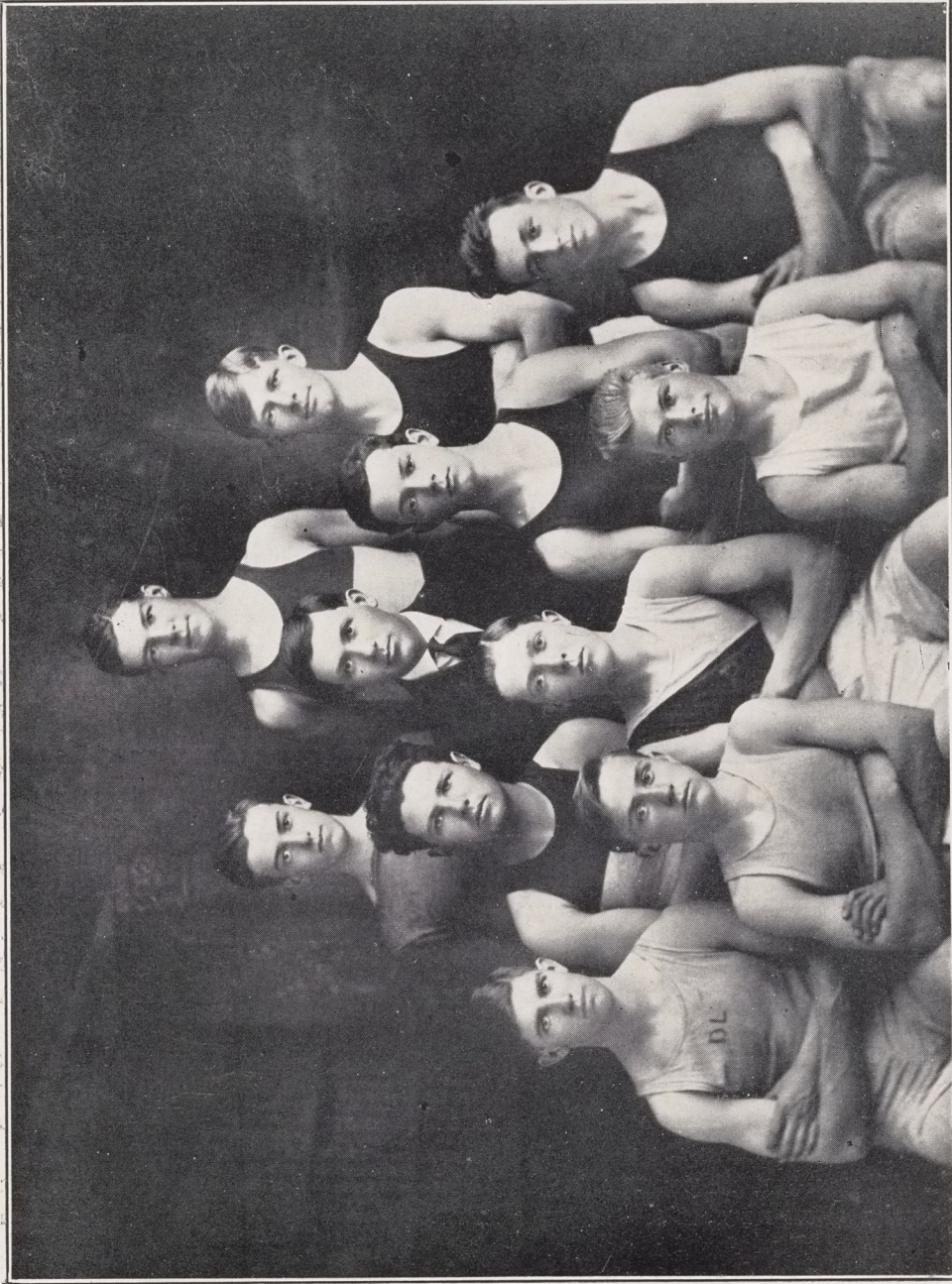
TRACK

In a school the size of ours, it is practically impossible to give equal attention to all sports, owing to the overlapping of seasons. Track season begins during the latter part of Basketball season and ends in the early part of Baseball season, and consequently is crushed at both ends. However, there were a number of men this season who devoted their time exclusively to Track, and the showing of these men was excellent. Our team was strong in the weight events and in the middle and long distance runs, but was weak in the field events and short sprints. Wyche and Allen generally had the ball throw all their own way. Thornburgh won many points in the weight events. Thomson showed up well as an all-around man. Foster and Tuttle (Capt.) were "wizards" in the middle distance runs.

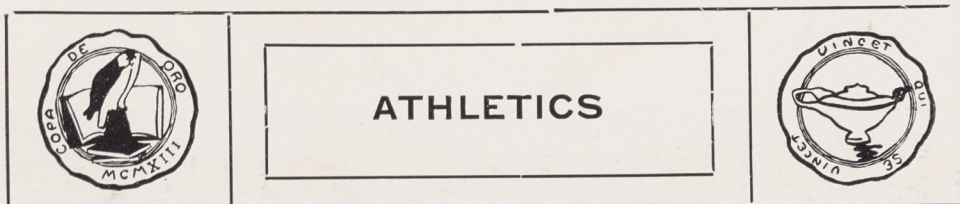
Louis Filley's work in the half mile was the sensation of the year. This bird, besides taking first place in all the dual meets, entered the L. A. County and Southern California Meets, pulling down handsome silver medals in each. Then he was sent to Berkeley to pit his skill against that of the best runners on the Pacific Slope. Here he landed a bronze medal for third place, against almost inconceivable odds.

The accompanying picture shows the point winners for this season.

The Relay Team, consisting of Tuttle, Foster, Lingle and Garwood, was a hard one to beat. Practically the entire track squad will be here next year.



TRACK TEAM



Morell Reynolds, '14

BASEBALL

Our aspiration this year was to improve over last, and make a respectable showing against the teams that so unmercifully walloped us in 1912. The least we can say is that our hopes were fully realized, while the most we can say is that we cleaned every team in the league at least once and some of them twice. Only one game stood between us and a tie for first place. For this, however, we offer no excuses, and only point to our season's record as being unapproached in the history of the school, except by this year's Girls' Basketball Team.

All of our victories, except one, were decisive and comparatively easily won. This one was the second game against Glendale, on the Glendale diamond. Thanks to Allen's home run, and timely singles by Beasley and Stockman, we carried off the long end of a 6 to 5 score. Fancy fielding by Waddell and Thornburg also helped to save the day. Revenge is sweet, and we sure got it that day.

"Benny" Cravens and Roy Pearson, who comprised the pitching staff, bore up nobly under the important task assigned them. This is their first year in High School ball, and their showing at times was phenomenal. With the invaluable work of the veteran "Heck" Stockman behind the bat, and the big league support given them by the whole team, they got away with most of the games with comparative ease.

The team's strongest point was its batting. The boys slugged the sphere for a total average of .301, which we hold to be a record in these parts. The chief offender in this regard was "Sprecks" Allen, alias "Ping," who set up a school record which is likely to stand for some time by literally murdering the pill for an average of .577. This boy is a wonder on first, too; regular big league style.

The success of the team is due to Mr. White's effective and untiring work as coach, and to the individual efforts of each player. Every fellow on the team deserves special mention for his splendid work, but lack of space prevents this due consideration.

Stockman, Thornburg and Reynolds will graduate this year, but that need make no material difference in next year's team, as there is a great deal of good material available. Go after that pennant next year, boys!



BASEBALL TEAM



ATHLETICS



BASEBALL (Continued)

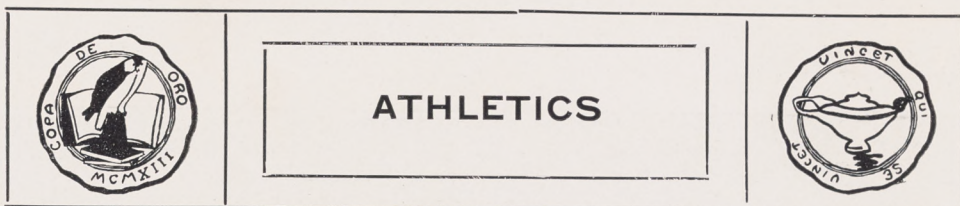
Player	Position	Batting Average
Stockman.....	Catcher.....	.400
Cravens.....	Pitcher.....	.260
Allen.....	Pitcher.....	.187
Pearson	1st Base.....	.577
Beasley.....	2nd Base.....	.317
Wyche.....	3rd Base.....	.245
Gutman.....	Short.....	.309
Donaldson.....	Short & Outfield.....	.111
Waddell.....	Outfield.....	.235
Reynolds (Capt.).....	Outfield.....	.425
Thornburg.....	Outfield.....	.187
Speers.....	Outfield.....	.143

The Team.....	.301
Team fielding average.....	.911

League Games

S. P. H. S.....15	Pasadena.....	9
S. P. H. S..... 4	Glendale.....	5
S. P. H. S.....16	Harvard.....	4
S. P. H. S..... 9	U. S. C. Preps.....	1
S. P. H. S..... 7	Alhambra.....	14
S. P. H. S..... 3	Pasadena.....	7
S. P. H. S..... 5	Harvard.....	1
S. P. H. S..... 6	Glendale.....	5
S. P. H. S.....10	U. S. C. Preps.....	3
S. P. H. S.....10	Alhambra.....	2
Total, S. P. H. S..85		Opponents.....51

Our real comparative class was shown by the 4 to 4 tie game with Oxy varsity. We chalked up six hard hits, including a homer by Wyche, off the peerless "Duke" Walk.



Ethel Walker, '13

GIRLS' GYMNASIUM

The Girls' Gymnasium work this year has been different from the ordinary, in that no apparatus is used except Nature's.

The work consists of eight or ten different series of exercises, varied and unique. Besides the physical culture exercises the work includes grace culture, which is both interesting, beautiful and beneficial.

The first drill of the year was given on Alumni Day and showed thorough drilling although gym. work had been going on for only a short time.

There are about ninety-five girls in the various classes, all under the supervision of Miss Elizabeth MacKintosh. She has taken up the physical culture work from childhood, studying in Canada, Europe and the United States, and always under the best teachers, so that she is extremely well fitted to take charge of the girls.

Later it is expected that Fencing and Folk-Dancing will be introduced. In June an exhibition will be given of the regular gymnasium work and a class in Grecian Costume will give exercises in grace culture and artistic posing.





GIRLS' GYM CLASS



GIRLS' GYM CLASS



ATHLETICS



WINNERS OF S. P. H. S. MONOGRAMS, 1912-1913

BASEBALL

Bernard Cravens
Roy Pearson
Harold Stockman
Glen Allen
William Beasley
Edward Wyche
Robert Gutman
Melvin Donaldson
Charles Thornburg
Morell Reynolds
Dallas Speers
Hugh Waddell

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Margaret Faires
Marguerite Merryman
Laura Malcolmson
Marymae Cattern
Lois Osborn
Ethel Walker



FOOTBALL

Louis Filley
Bernard Cravens
Harold Stockman
Glen Allen
Roy Pearson
Clarendon Foster
Bruce Spencer
Vincent Peet
Arthur Brown
Edward Wyche
Charles Thornburg
William Powell

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Earl Bokenoogen
Gail Vanden Braak
Harold Stockman
Edward Wyche
Clare Cope
Arthur Brown

TRACK

Donald Lingle
Glen Garwood
Clarendon Foster
Harrison Thomson
Louis Filley
Charles Thornburg
Glen Allen
Lynn Tuttle
Walter Lord
Wallace Weldon
Geo. Howard

TENNIS

Frank Roe
Gerald Ritchie
Ronald Stannard
Wallace Weldon

SNAPSHOTS





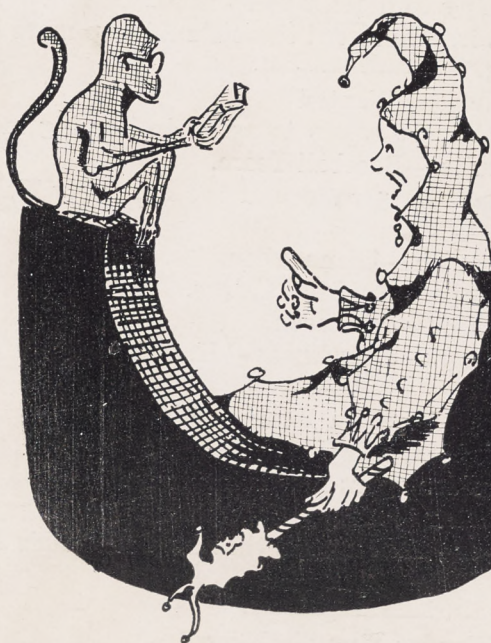
SNAPSHOTS



JOSHES



Some jokes, you know that we
received
Were not the kind that really pleased.
So dense they were indeed we wished,
As for the point in them we fished,
On tissue paper they'd been scribed,
So through them we could see.



1913

JOSHES



JOSHES



Remarks of Upjohn in Solid Geometry Class

"The reason I jump on Thornburg so often is because he's so soft."

When the clock started going very fast and loud—"Go to it, old boy."

Louise H.—"I can't make this triangle lie down."

Upjohn—"Spank it."

After Cupid finished reciting, the curtain shook very vigorously.

"That's your applause."

"Two lines are parallel when they never make a date."

"Did you get me, Venus Adonis Cupid?"

"Life is not worth living without a good imagination."

"Do not take more than nine problems on page 305." (There are only 9 on page 305).

"Aint that goin' to be some classy baseball field, though?"

"Find the volume of a prithm."

After erasing the globe—"Now kiss papa and run off to school."

When the globe fell off the desk—"My poor baby bumped his nose."

"Now children, I'm going to draw a lion's head. It is a very difficult thing to draw, but I can do it. Children! there shall be no more laughter!"

Wanted

March 4, 1913—Four expert valets to assist in keeping molecules of real estate from our new suits.—Baseball Team.

Information concerning disappearance of the Assembly Hall bell.—H. S. Upjohn.

More knowledge in Spanish.—Glenn Allen.

Less noise in Assembly period.—Miss Cairns.

More pretty girls to queen.—Humason.

Reason for Council's repeated tardiness.—H. S. Upjohn.

Lovelorn Swain

Miss Young—"Mr. Waddell, will you explain the lines,

'My golden spurs now bring to me

And bring to me my richest mail.'"

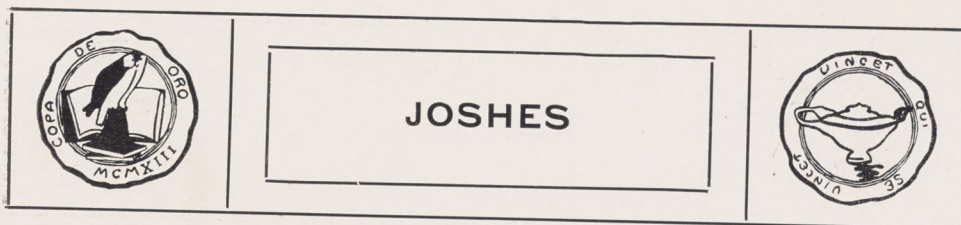
Waddell—"Why—a—er—that means that he wanted his love letters brought to him."

Wonder How He Knew?

(Discussing Beatrix' age in Henry Esmond):

G. Howard—"Well, she couldn't be very old for Henry held her on his lap."

L. Filley—"Aw! That isn't any sign."



C. Foster—"Do you think my mustache is becoming?"
 She—"Yes, I think it will be coming for a long time yet."

—o—

Some Slams

L. Magor (Senior English)—"Burns had a tutor in English and so was much better instructed than we are." (Intense silence).

Alice Penney—"You remind me of the Rock of Gibraltar."

C. Foster—"How's that?"

A. Penney—"It's a high, windy bluff."

—o—

Miss Leach—"Now, what are the two kinds of feet in scansion?"

Brilliant Senior—"Big and little."

—o—



As she sees him



As he is



Before



After

—o—

Miss Spiegel—"Mr. Rogers, why were you in my study period this morning?"

Rogers—"Got kicked out of Manual Training."

Miss Spiegel—"Why didn't you get an excuse?"

Rogers—"Came out too fast."

(And here the conversation languished).

This Is the "Wurst"

Lenore Judkins—"I've heard so much about ground hogs. What is a ground hog, any way?"

Arthur Brown—"Sausage."

Miss Young—"Mr. Waddell, what do you think of the Mexican War?"

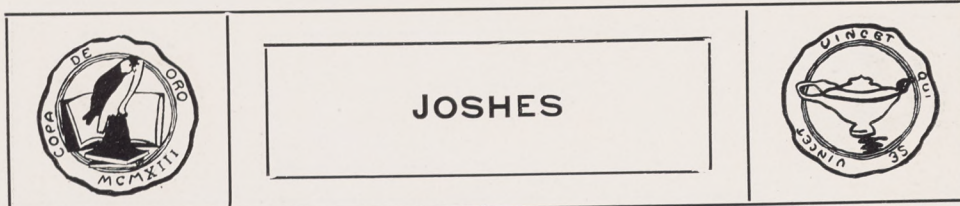
Waddell—"Well, er—a—Congress agrees with me in the matter."

Bruce Spencer—"Miss MacKintosh, what's that word below 'mutt'?"

Voice in Rear—"Jeff."

Get a piece of blotting paper. Quick!

Kemper (Translating Caesar)—"All the Romans ran together."



Do tell!

Miss Meek (Seventh Period Assembly)—“Mr. Waddell, please stop talking. There will be plenty of time for you to visit with Miss Hill after school.”

What Could She Mean?

Charlotte Johnson—“Oh, see my new white dress, girls!”

L. Shorten—“You remind me of spring.”

C. Johnson (Flattered)—“How’s that?”

L. Shorten—“You look so fresh and green.”

(P. S.—Perfect silence).

Miss Leach—“Who put this ‘For Rent’ sign on my desk?”

Wee Small Voice in Corner—“Cope did it.”

Cope—Ah! ha! Not this time, old kid. I can prove an alibi.”

Encouraging

M. Gillies—“My, we were terribly excited about you.”

Morell (after operation)—“Well, why didn’t you send me some flowers?”

Marj.—“Why, I was saving those for the funeral.”

Miss Meek (Geom. Class)—“Miss Ocheltree, what is your purpose in extending that line?”

Miss Ocheltree (Innocently)—“Why, to make it longer.”

Miss Foglesong (Caesar Class)—“Is Mr. Freeman absent because of sickness in the family?”

“Cupid” Thornburg—“Yes, his cow is sick.”

Boy—“Did you learn any new French verbs today?”

Girl—“Yes, dire (dear).”

Examinations

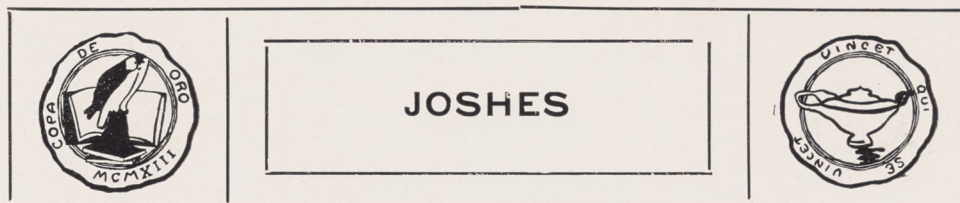
Thomp.—“Come on, now, cut out the whispering, put away all books, and if you have any ponies, hitch them up.”

Bright Senior—“That is what we usually do when we want to use them.”

Bright Seniors

Mr. Cope (Senior English)—“Cowper was born when he was very young.”

Miss Walker (U. S. Hist.)—“Harper’s Ferry was on the coast at the junction of two rivers.”



In Solid Geometry

Mr. Upjohn (inspecting figures on board)—“Yes, Cupid has a very good figure, indeed.”

Heard in Music

Miss Cairns—“Now, Miss Gillies, if you’ll just hit that I (eye) again.”

How About It?

Translating German—“The priest was greatly pleased that the bridal couple offered so little resistance during the ceremony.”

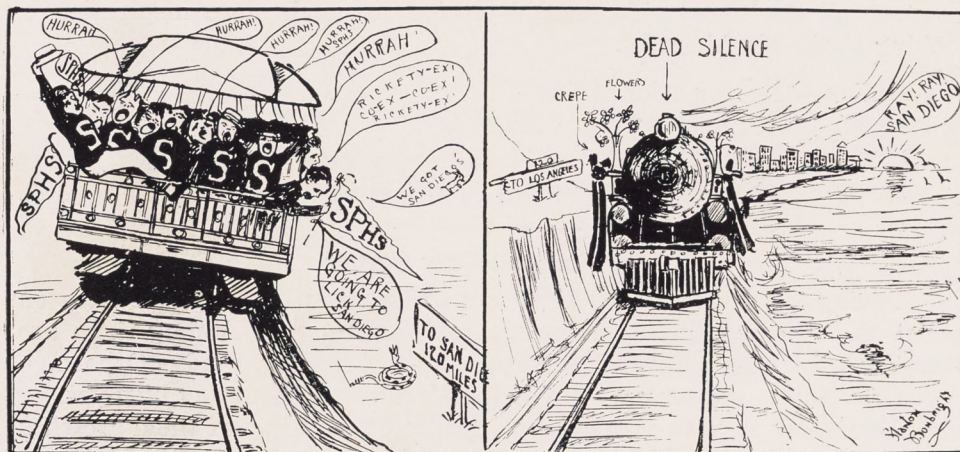
Mel Donaldson (from rear)—“Do they usually resist?”

In German

Don Messer (translating)—“He left the room followed by his hair (Herr).”

(Ouch! For a minute we thought the Indians were upon us).

—o—



—o—

A few extracts from Chemistry papers

“Deliquescence is the delinquency of a solution.”

“Energy is the cause of work and work is the effect of cause.”

“Okygen may be prepared in the laboratory by putting watter through a current of electricity.”

Miss Foglesong—“Who can tell me what these memorable words mean—Veni, Vidi, Vici.”

Ed. Filley (excitedly)—“Oh, I know that! ‘Stop-Look-Listen!’”

We Ask You Why?

Why are Miss Leach and Mr. Upjohn so fond of Cupid?



JOSHES



Can You Beat It?

Mr. White—"Miss Avery, what did Nebuchednezzar do?"

Brainy Freshie—"Why—er—I believe he died, didn't he?"

Prof. Thompson—"Mr. Kiesling, please stop playing with that bottle and pay attention."

B. Kiesling—"But I've got to have something to rattle."

Mr. Thompson—"Well, rattle your head. We will now proceed with the lesson."

Miss Meek (explaining analytic method of Geometry proof)—"This method is merely working backwards."

D. Faires—"That's my method."

Another Slam

Miss MacKintosh—"Mr. Spencer! What makes you look at Mr. Cravens all the time? You would receive so much more inspiration by looking at the blackboard."

Junior—"Do you take Latin?"

Fresh—"Not uually, but I did today."

Junior—"How's that?"

Fresh—"Oh, I was correcting Waddell's Algebra paper."

—o—

Matrimonial Cozy Corner

During the past year several fair maids have been chosen from our midst as future sacrifices on the altar of matrimony. Among them are: Dorothy Wadsworth, Sarah Belle Pealer, Isobel Dudley, Gladys Osborn.

(Ed. Note)—Cheer up. We of the staff haven't had any bids yet.

Also many rumors are current. The most plausible of them are those representing "Cupid" Thornburg, Clement Meserve and Charles Ewing.

We wish to recommend our Matrimonial Bureau to all those who have a slight leaning toward matrimony or who are desirous of obtaining a good dependable wife or husband. We have all kinds for you to pick from. Come early and get first choice.

—o—

Say! Did you ever hear that little song sung by the Ukulele Club—

"Oh where, oh where, has my little dog gone,

Oh where, oh where can he be?"

There's more to it, but that's about all we ever hear. Now what we'd like to know is—haven't any of those girls ever visited the cafeteria? If they had they wouldn't ask such foolish questions.



JOSHES



Limericks

There was a janitor, Sam,
Who attempted to lead a brass band;
But the noise he produced
Was worse than the deuce,
And sounded like stones in a can.

You've heard of that gentleman, Gail,
Who once rode to sea on a whale,
But a cyclone came up,
And he sorrow did sup,
For his ship went down in the gale.

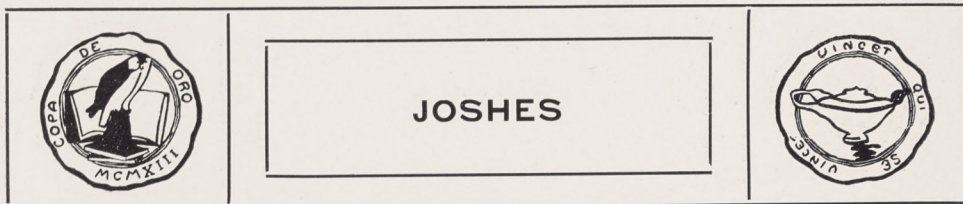
There once was a chauffeur named Lord,
Who persisted in driving a Ford,
Such speed did he make
That he drove into a lake,
Which was very disastrous for Lord.

There was a young lady called Pinkey,
Whose hair was the kind known as kinkey.
When she heard it called red,
She rose up and said,
"It is auburn, I tell you, by Hinkey."

There was a young lady named Hanner,
Who was quite attractive in manner,
I cannot tell half
The sound of her laugh,
But surely it should take the banner.

A love-lorn young lobster named Brown
Decided in crude oil to drown,
When they pulled Brownie out
There was no cause to doubt
That Brown was decidedly brown.

As Thompson explained the gas engine
To the poor Physics Students' Convention,
Everyone in the class
Knew at once it was gas
And proceeded to pay no attention.



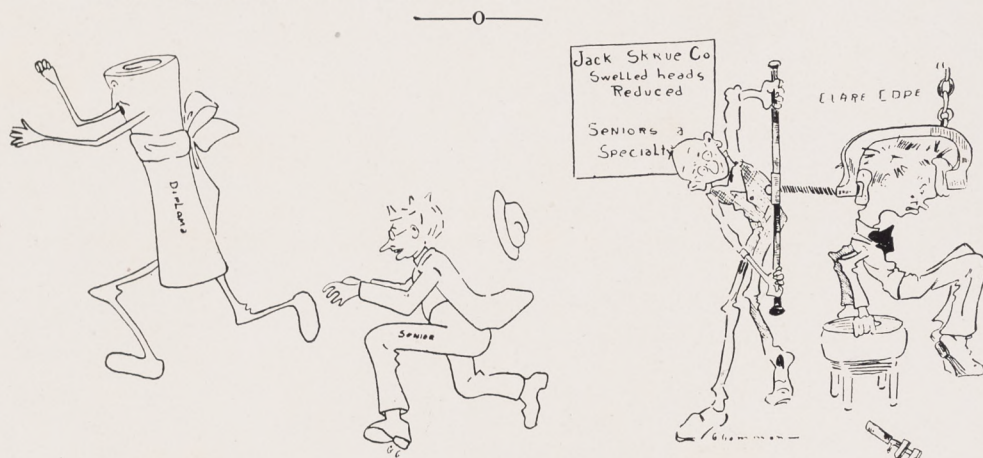
School Dictionary

Exam.—A periodic occurrence which is preceded by a strange mental tension on the part of students. Such symptoms as cramming and ponies are usually seen before the crisis and cribbing is often seen throughout the whole course of the malady.

Bluff—A topographic creation often used by students. It is frequently subject to landslides which result in disaster. At other times it withstands the heaviest storms. The original discoverer of the bluff is believed by scientists to be the renowned Clare Cope.

Pony—An invaluable adjunct to extemporaneous and unpremeditated exhibitions of linguistic ability.

Cafeteria—Where one may find one's lost doggie in a different form, ruin one's digestion, and waste one's allowance.



He (in a whisper)—“Dearest, you are the goal of my affections.”
Basketball Girl (removing his arms)—“Five yards for holding.”

In Physiology Class

Miss Bickford—“Is life worth living?”

(Silence from sophisticated class).

Miss Bickford—“It depends on the liver.”

Umpire (at a Basketball game)—“Foul.”

Small boy—“Where are the feathers?”

Umpire—“You goose, this is a picked team.”—Ex.

Man, like a kerosene lamp is not especially bright, is often turned down, generally smokes, and frequently goes out at night.—Ex.



JOSHES



Act. I—A villain, girl, dog, river; villain throws girl in river; dog jumps in and drinks it up. Saves the girl's life.

Act. II—Villain tries to escape. Dog coughs up river. Villain drowns. Curtain.

Weary of Marks That We Make

"Weary of struggling and fighting,
Longing for freedom and rest;
Weary of study and writing,
Weary of joke and of jest.
Weary we are of our station,
And for a change we would seek;
Hankering for a vacation
Longer than only a week."

Modern History Student—"What brought about the Restoration?"

(Heard in a stage whisper)—"Hair tonic."

You may give me the principal parts of the verb, "to skate," in Latin.

"Skato, slippere, falli, bumptum."—Ex.

—O—

Donald B. Faires, '14

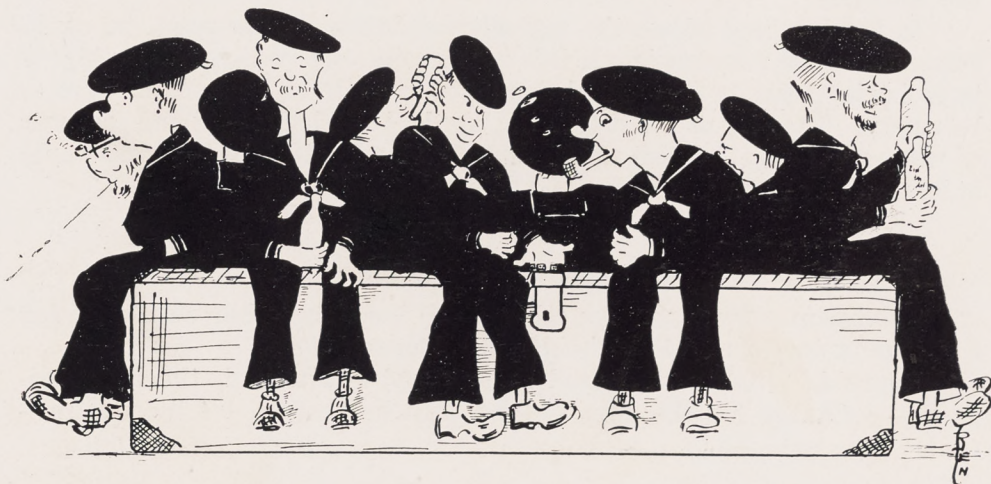
For my subject I will take those beautiful and touching words from Stevenson's *Treasure Island*:

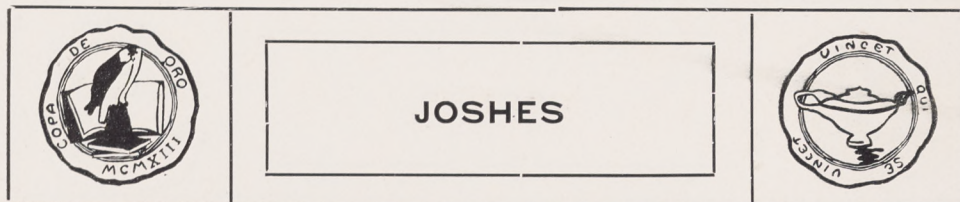
"Fifteen men on a dead man's chest.

Yo Ho Ho, and a bottle of rum.

Drink and the Devil had done for the rest.

Yo Ho Ho, and a bottle of rum."





These words have a wonderful story within a simple exterior. Analyzing the first line, "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest," we notice the simplicity of the statement, "fifteen men." It doesn't say fourteen or sixteen or even fourteen men and a boy. No, far from it; the statement is clearly fifteen. This is the way in which great minds work, simply and clearly. Where were they? In other words, what were their surroundings? "On a dead man's chest." This is an example of poetical license, as we do not believe that over four, or possibly five men could get on the chest of any man, dead or alive, no matter how great his chest expansion.

Take the second line, "Yo Ho Ho and a bottle of rum." "Yo Ho Ho" shows plainly that they were of a sea-faring disposition as no other, however great a bonehead, would dare to use such an expression in public. While I never heard of a sailor hoeing, it is probable that they do so, as history tells that they have been caught plowing the deep. "And a bottle of rum." Without definite knowledge we cannot say whether the bottle was on the chest of the poor deceased, but we think likely it was under his belt.

The next line is "Drink and the Devil had done for the rest." We will suppose repose is meant by the word rest. Any man's rest would be disturbed by either of these. We believe this explains why the fifteen men were on the other's sternal bone—how, I won't at present say. In looking over the context of the story we find that the word rest means the others. Substituting equals for others, we have "Drink and the Devil had done for the others." Well, we're glad of it, for if they were addicted to attempting acrobatic stunts on a poor lonesome corpse which would otherwise have been about its own business, it's time something was done—preferably the offenders.

In the last line where the agricultural duties are resumed, we again come across the rum bottle. If this is the same one (which I think highly improbable) there is no use of bringing it in again as it would be sure to be empty. Then let us substitute the words, "Yo Ho Ho and a saucer of raspberry fudge," which would be far better for the children and would at least not make anyone sick.

—o—

And he thought it was Oral English

Thompson—"Now, you see when I rub the ebonite bar with cat's fur a charge is developed. Explain this, Mr. Reynolds."

Reynolds (Rudely awakened from sleep)—"Forward, the light brigade:—**Charge** for the guns"—(and then he realized his hideous mistake).



JOSHES



TO PHYLLIS

(As he dictated it)

Phyllis, up in the morning,
Spirit of love and spring;
Phyllis, lithe as a willow,
Voice like the birds that sing;
Sparkling like dropsy dew,
Phyllis, Phyllis, O Phyllis,
This is a song for you.

Phyllis, why do you linger?
Why do your feet remain?
Phyllis, we wait your coming
Over the bloom-decked plain.
Phyllis—a brimming beaker,
Now to your health we quaff,
Setting our hearts all leaping
Lighter than the wind-blown chaff.

TO FILL US

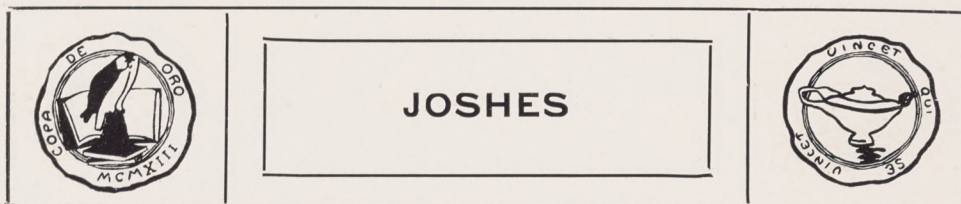
(As his stenographer took it)

Fill us up in the morning,
Spirit of loving spring!
Fill us tight as a pillow—
Boys like the birds that sing.
Fill us up full of moonshine,
Sparkling like dropsy dew—
Fill us, fill us, O fill us,
This is too strong for you.

Fill us! Why do you linger?
Why are your feet in pain?
Fill us, we wait your coming,
Over the gloom-nacked plain.
Fill us a brimming beaker,
Now to your healthy graft,
Sending our heartshorn leaping,
Light as a ring-boned calf.

—o—

Miss Cairns—"I want a chair to sit on. Bring me two, please."



Memories

Did you ever sit in the Senior room by one of the open windows, idly dreaming of the dance of next week, a new hat, a recent love affair, or some equally delightful and instructive thoughts? And while in this pleasant frame of mind were you ever rudely awakened from your dreams by the scent of H_2S wafted in on the sweet spring breezes from the Chemistry room above? Didn't it make you tired?

Did you ever glance furtively around the room and watch the teacher's every move until her eyes were turned far, far away from you? Then at the auspicious moment, plump a whole chocolate cream in your mouth and just settle yourself to enjoy it—when, like a thunder clap out of the blue a well-known voice rang out, "Miss—— will you tell all you know about the lesson for today?" Didn't it make you tired?

Oh, Mr. Senior, did it ever happen to you?

Did you get yourself nicely settled in Assembly room near some dear friend, prepare for a nice long visit, then in the midst of an animated and highly interesting conversation, feel a by no means light hand on your shoulder and a most severe voice say, "Take the front seat?" Did it ever happen to you, Mr. Senior, and didn't it make you tired?

Did you ever place a fond love note in the dictionary for some lady fair and before she could get it some unsympathetic person of the male sex confiscated it and read it aloud to a choice coterie of friends? Did it make your ears burn and didn't it make you tired?

—o—

Miss Foglesong (Latin)—"What comes from Gubernatores?"

Harry Bent—"Potatoes."

L. Moffit—"Why did Coleridge put his foot notes on the side?"

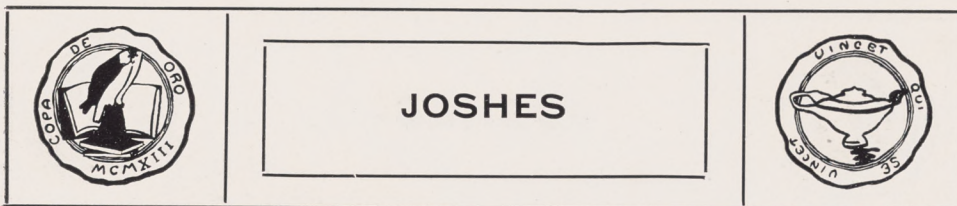
Much disturbed Soph.—"I've lost my 'Principles and Progress.'"

Senior—"Well? Can't you make any progress without your principles?"

What did she mean?

Miss Leach—"The reason the slaves of Anglo Saxon times didn't run away was because they'd just as soon be in one stew pan as in another—that is be stewed in one place as another—er—er, I will not attempt further explanation."

Gail—"A boy was riding across the campus and he lifted the foot which was opposite him—the left one."

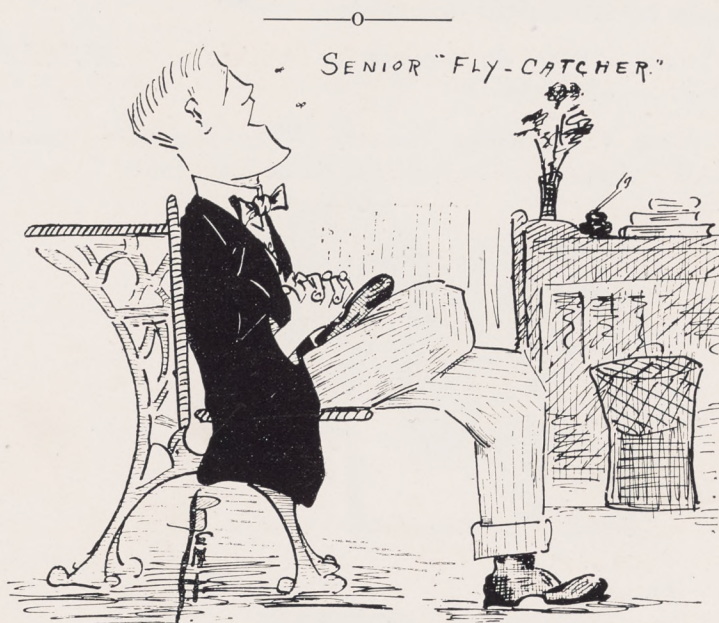


And it was said to Miss Leach, too!

Ed. Filley (English Class)—“What kind of forty do you mean—how old you are or on the piano?”

Listen and you'll get the point

Mr. Upjohn—“Everybody ought to be able to express himself clearly on his own feet.”



—o—

A blood-thirsty thriller

Miss Spiegel—“What tactics did Caesar adopt with Gallic tribes?”

Glen Aron—“Caesar spread 'em out, and cut 'em up.”

Heard in Art Room

Soph. (Painting bluffs)—“How'd the debate turn out? Did Waddell extinguish himself?”

They say the innocent die young

Freshie—“Is Caesar very hard?”

Caesar Student—“Parts of it.”

Freshie—“Well, I've got a swell scheme. I saved my eighth grade Julius Caesar and I'll use it to translate the hard parts.”

(Pretty bright, don't you think?)



JOSHES



Miss Young (Eng. 11)—“Mr. Cravens, you may tell us something about the life of Emerson.”

Cravens—“Well—er—er. His father died when he was very young, but his mother continued to live.”

Cope (Oral English-Hamlet’s soliloquy):

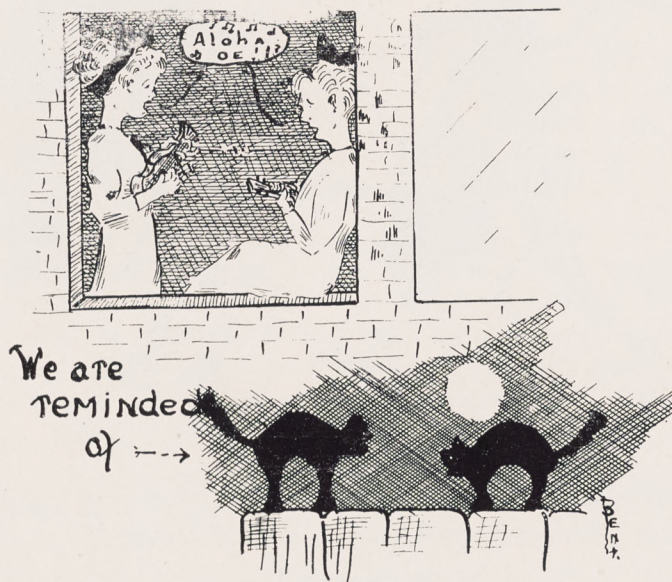
“And by a sleep to say we end the headache and—”

But here he was rudely interrupted.

Miss Young—“What do they use for lighting up on Mt. Wilson?”

Don Faïres—“Matches.”

Miss Wing (Translating Caesar)—“The legions”—(pause)—“with heads cut off”—(pause)—“looked silently at the ground.”



Teacher—“A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.”

Pupil—“Wonder if that’s why so many of us flunk?”—Ex.

Are the days of miracles past?

Upjohn—“Now just suppose six people were wrecked on a desert island. They have some seeds with them which they plant and raise wheat and domestic animals.”



JOSHES



Teacher—"Mr.——, you wrote this excuse yourself."

Student—"Yes, you see father writes such a poor hand, I felt ashamed for you to see it."—Ex.

(A parlor sofa for Charles)

Ewing (U. S. History)—"When the Field building burned down in Chicago, it was so hot you couldn't sit on the porch within a mile of it."

Miss Leach—"What religious sect has its creed based on affinity?"

Louise D.—"Mormons."

Good tonic for those behind in their studies—Ketchup!



*Miss Leach: "Have any of you
seen my pencil?"*

Miss Spiegel—"White is the absence of and black the presence of all colors."

And it was the Student Body Gavel, too

"What's the matter, Collins?"

Collins—"Miss Meek just shook the gravel at us down here?"

Some Hercules!

Miss Burns (Translating Spanish)—"The innkeeper escorted me to my room and his servant carried my mule to the barn."

Roy—"Oh, I say, Gail, will you ride me home this noon?"

Gail—"No! I'd rather ride my wheel."



JOSHES



Physics

Thompson—"What's the matter with you, Morell? You have such a vacant expression on your face."

Reynolds—"Why, my mind was on your explanation."

The Juniors say we Seniors brag too much, but the modern philosopher says, "He who tooteth not his own horn, his horn shall not be tooted."

Thompson (Chem. Class)—"Mr. Ewing, I wish you would behave yourself. I'd hate to change your seat again. You've occupied every seat in the room but one."

Ewing—"Which one is that?"

Thompson—"The one in which I sit."

—o—



—o—

She's to marry soon

Upjohn—"Miss Wadsworth, have you a piano?"

Dorothy—"Er, er—not yet."

Miss Cairns—"What is Hamburg?"

B. Miller—"Why, it's something good to eat—hamburg steak, you know."

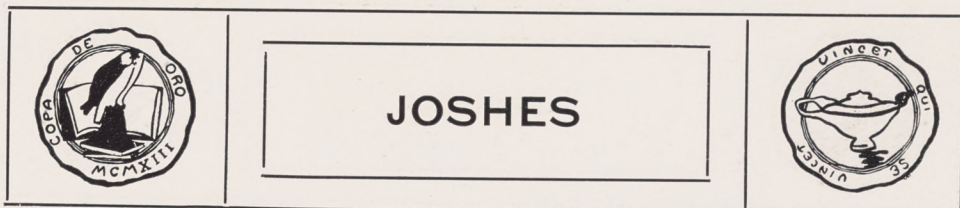
Students' Dream of Heaven

Holidays seven days in the week.

No exams.

No unsympathetic teachers.

Plenty of ice cream and "all-day suckers."



C. Foster (as alarm goes off)—“I fooled you that time, I wasn’t asleep at all.”

—o—

A. Grace Horner, Margaret Faires, '13

Two people in room twenty-three
Are as happy as happy can be.
Their small hands are brightened,
Their hearts are enlightened
With a stone which is spelled with a D.

These people in room twenty-three
Are dwelling all happy in glee,
But when comes the fighting,
Their fond hopes all blighting—
You bet we’re glad that we’re free.

—o—

Tonight a Literary Dinner is to be given by the **Fairie Queen** in **Tintern Abbey** at **Dover Beach**. It will be one of the most auspicious events of the season for many of our great authors and poets will be present. A unique **Decoration** has been planned with **Apple Blossoms**. Each invited guest has contributed some article of food to the menu and it is only after a great deal of trouble that we have been able to obtain a copy of it.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST

Music furnished by **The First Cricket**. Light supplied by **The Glow Worm**

SOUP

Broth of **The Hind** and **The Panther**

ENTREES

The Olive Star **Wild Honey**

MEAT

Lambs' Tails **Hogs' Tails**

Chimney Swallows

SALAD

The Two Mysteries

DESSERT

“The Cloud” Sundae

DRINKS

To be obtained only **“On Crossing the Bar”**



JOSHES

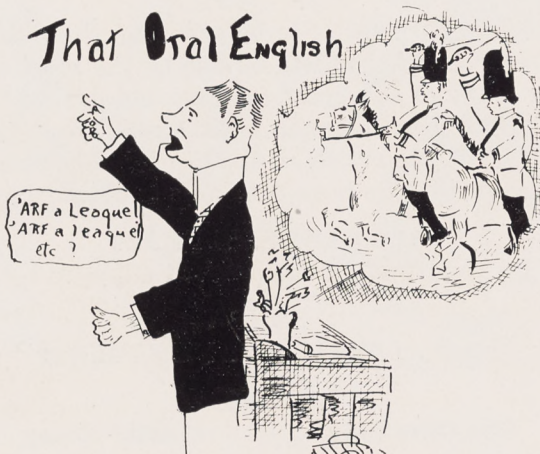


R. Ward, '16

The teachers all are troubled,
And well indeed are they,
For the transoms now are opened
On Oral English day.

Miss MacKintosh won't mind it—
She's used to it, they say;
So the others must be patient
On Oral English day.

So when the harsh heart-rending sounds
All through the building play,
You must just grin and bear it
On Oral English day.



Miss Young—"How could you treat the 'section of land' otherwise than description?"

N. Cattern—"With a plow."

At the opening of U. S. History Class one day, Chuck Ewing sat upon a bent pin.

Mr. Upjohn (calling them to order)—"By now you should be able to form an **opinion**—of Socialism."



JOSHES



G. Horner, '13

A Freshman's Soliloquy (Apologies to Shakespeare)

Shall I or shall I not; that is the question.
Whether 'tis better in the eyes of the teachers
To study incessantly on their respective subjects
Or to employ the use of graft.
And by fraud gain recognition.
To study; to bluff. Which one? A serious question.
To study; 'tis then the many freezes that the pupils give you;
But a science which teachers devoutly uphold.
To fail; to flunk:
To flunk—perchance to go: aye, there's the rub!
For in that dear school life where D's will come,
When we have utilized each mental power
To gain our A's, when eighth period is used
In toil and visions of the distant mountains, far-off Clunes.
Tantalizing music or a good hot-dog run thru our mind;
When we ourselves might our quietus take
In the echoing mountains, by bubbling brooks.

—o—

Miss Foglesong—"Who were the Amazons?"

Cattern—"They were the female suffragettes of about 2000 years ago."

The same old song with a new tune

Last year	This year
Full moon,	Full moon,
Wedding soon,	Wedding soon,
Council-Boone.	Gilman-Boone.

Wee Freshie—"Miss Bickford, can you take books out of the Congressional (Congressional) library?"

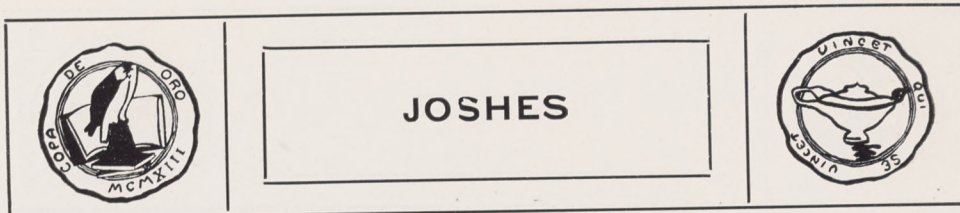
Faculty Yell—"Giv'em the 'ex—the 'ex—the 'ex," etc.

After Newton Cattern had written his own excuse for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time, he approached Mr. Upjohn and handed him the following note:

"Dear Mr. Upjohn:

"Please excuse Newton Cattern at the close of the fifth period, for I am sure he will not be feeling well at that time.

MR. CATTERN."



M. Donaldson—"What course would you recommend for college?"

Miss Foglesong—"The only thing for you is discourse."

Mr. Thompson (In Chemistry)—"Mr. Foster, do you want to know how much longer I will tolerate your foolishness?"

Foster—"Yes."

Mr. Thompson—"Well, one more move and out you go."

Foster—"Some stride, eh, kid?"

(Exit Foster in two strides).



NOTE THE
EXPRESSION
OF THE FACE

Miss Young—"Mr. Tritt, what is an idyl?"

Tritt—"Oh, something a heathen worships."

An extract from Cupid's English paper on "The Ancient Mariner":

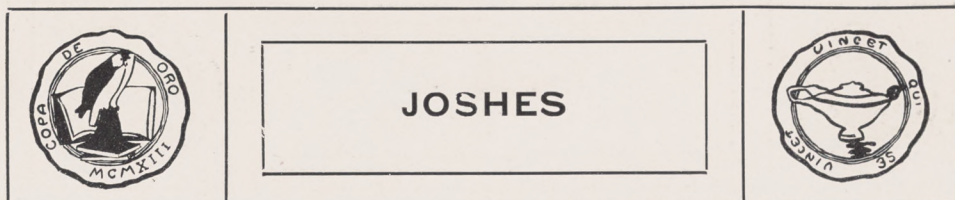
"The ship, after sailing in this way, ran into a clam and ceased moving."

In the foot notes on the side we notice, "Be careful of your a's and l's."
—E. A. L.

Capitals and conquerors;
Dates of exploration;
Similes and six-per-cent;
Proper conjugation;
Emperors and essayists;
Highest elevation;
This is just Bob's dream the night
Before examination.—Ex.

A. Penney—"Shelley didn't have good sense for he didn't believe in marriage.

Adelaide Wride is thinking of changing her name to "Joy" Wride.



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United "Us" Corporation—Limited

President, Secretary and Treasurer—Alice Penney.

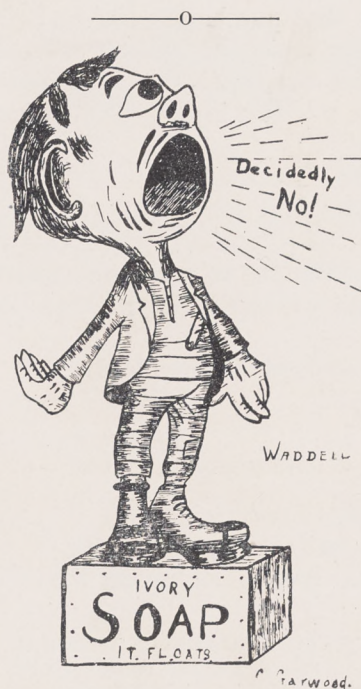
General Manager, Vice-President and Financier—Clarendon Foster.

Business hours—always.

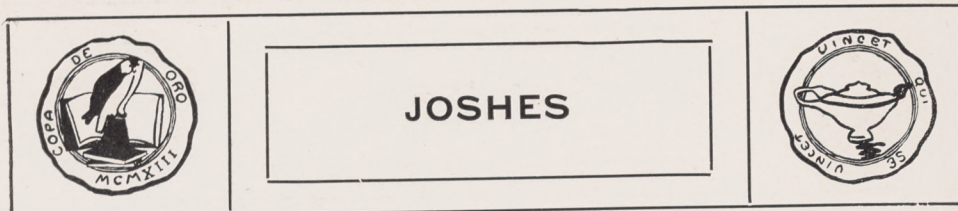
Directors—Alice Penney.

Stockholders—A. Penney, C. Foster.

Gilt-Edged Preferred Stock—6% Love Bonds: A. Penney, 50%; C. Foster, 50%.



Hush! Listen! What awful noise could that be? I listened with my heart in my throat. Visions flashed through my mind, and, in my mind's eye, I saw some fair High School damsel at the bottom of the steps mangled and crushed by her fall. I thought of possible tragedies beyond number. Perhaps Newt. Cattern knew his Geom. lesson and Miss Meek had fainted. I seized a glass of water and rushed to Room 22, burst open the door, and found the room in a great commotion—Genevieve Boone had dropped a perpendicular from a point upon a line.



With all apologies to Miss MacKintosh!

And when the middle of the afternoon came, from being a poor, poverty-stricken boy in the morning, Newton Cattern was literally rolling in wealth. He had, besides the things before mentioned, a deck of cards in a Tuxedo Tobacco can, two dice, seven pennies, a pocket full of poker chips, six pieces of peppermint candy, and a dilapidated old rubber band with which to shoot his fellow students.

Upjohn (U. S. Hist.)—"There were 2000 engagements in the Civil War. There are nearly that number in the S. P. High School. (Pause). Some have taken a freight train and haven't arrived yet. Others are with us now." (Many dignified Senior blushes illuminate the room).

Voice in Rear (some minutes later)—"Oh! I see!"

Scene: Randall's Dry Goods Store.

Time: Shortly before first school party.

Enter Clare Cope—"Have you any children's rompers?"

Young Lady Clerk—"Why, yes, we have some very fine ones."

Cope (after having inspected the articles)—"Have you no larger ones?"

Clerk—"Why no, how large is the child?"

Cope—"I'm the child."

(Exit Cope).

Did you know that:

They had sparks before matches?

Harry would rather be Bent than broke?

The Physiology Class have been having fits (Fitz) this year?

2 4 6 8

Two D's out of four grades means six weeks in eighth period.

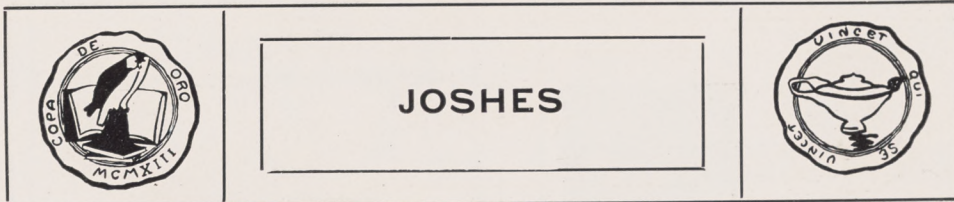
Mr. Bonbright (In Oral English)—"Who touches a hair of your bald head shall die like a dog. March on!"

Edith Wilde (discussing Senior Party)—"If you boys would only come we would welcome you with outstretched arms. (Aside) Cupid! Are you coming?"

In German

Miss Foglesong—"Please give the comparison of the word, 'bad,' Mr. Kiesling."

Kiesling—"Foster, Donaldson, Pearson."



Shakespearian Tragedy

ACT I

Assembly Room. 1st Period.

Exit—Alice Penney.

Exit—Clarendon Foster.

Exit—Miss Rowan.

ACT II

Enter—Alice Penney.

Enter—Clarendon Foster.

Enter—Miss Rowan.

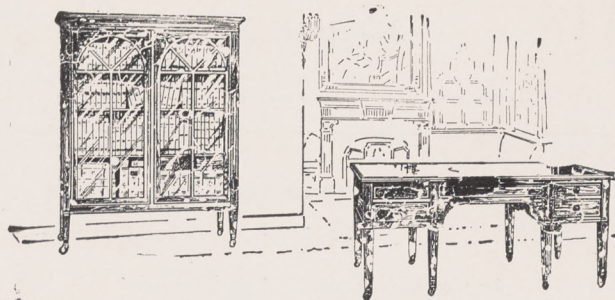
—o—

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Shakespeare, in Hamlet's soliloquy, says—"To be, or not to be. That is the question."

We admit it may have been so in his time, but what we want to know is, "What has become of all the Senior inkwells?"

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---and save a
simoleon

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Oh, you would-be Spaniards!

Miss Spiegel—"Mr. Faires, please translate beginning "Dos hijos, varon y hendra."

Faires (hesitatingly)—"Two sons—(long pause)—"brother and sister"—But he got no farther for in his soul he knew something was wrong.

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Miss MacKintosh (Oral English)—“If you’d use your head, Mr. Brown, your work would be greatly improved.”

Brown—“You ask an impossibility. As soon as I get up to recite I completely lose my head.”

Lozier & Abbott Detroit

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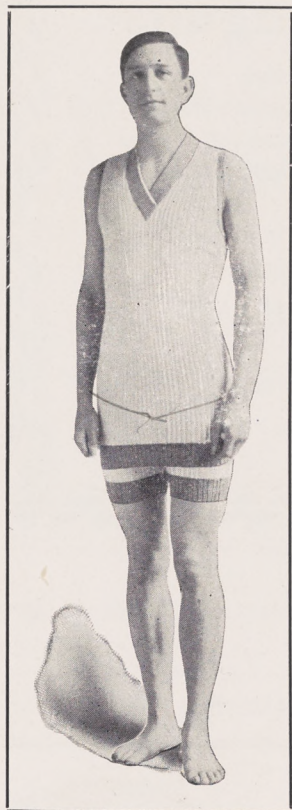
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A Senior had a little waist,
Where waists were meant to grow,
And everywhere the fashions went
Her waist was sure to go.—Ex.

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Sympathy—C. Foster.

Reason why I get so many D's.—Newt. Cattern.

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In Electricity

Mr. Reynolds—"What would be the action caused by putting the plate in a solution of Sodium?"

Thompson—"Explosion, of course."

Morell—"Oh! I had a suspicion the action might be rapid."

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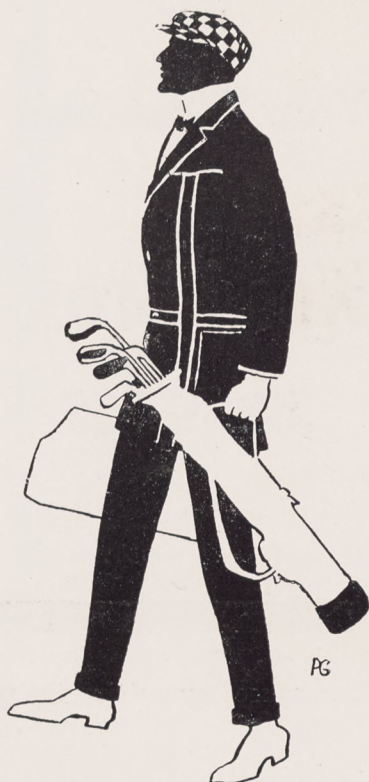
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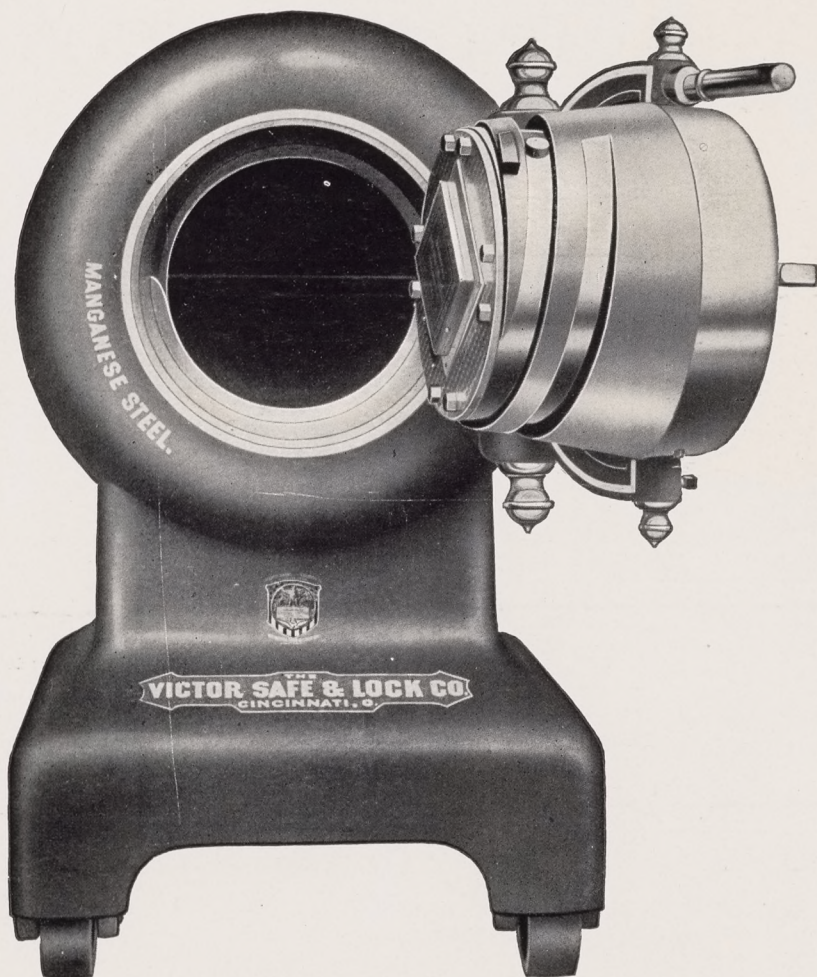
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Boob—"Enough what?"

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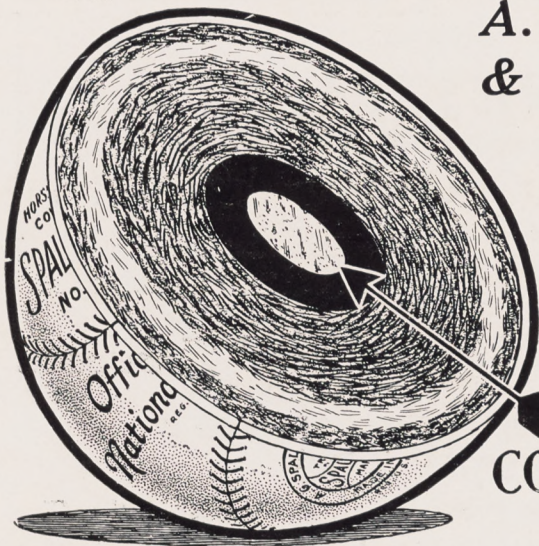
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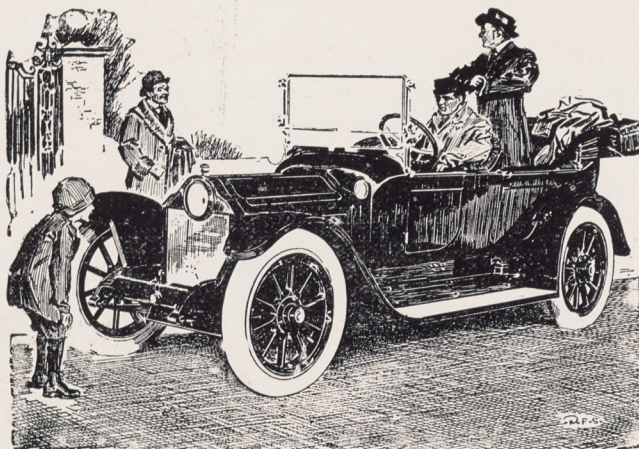
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(Bridge it).

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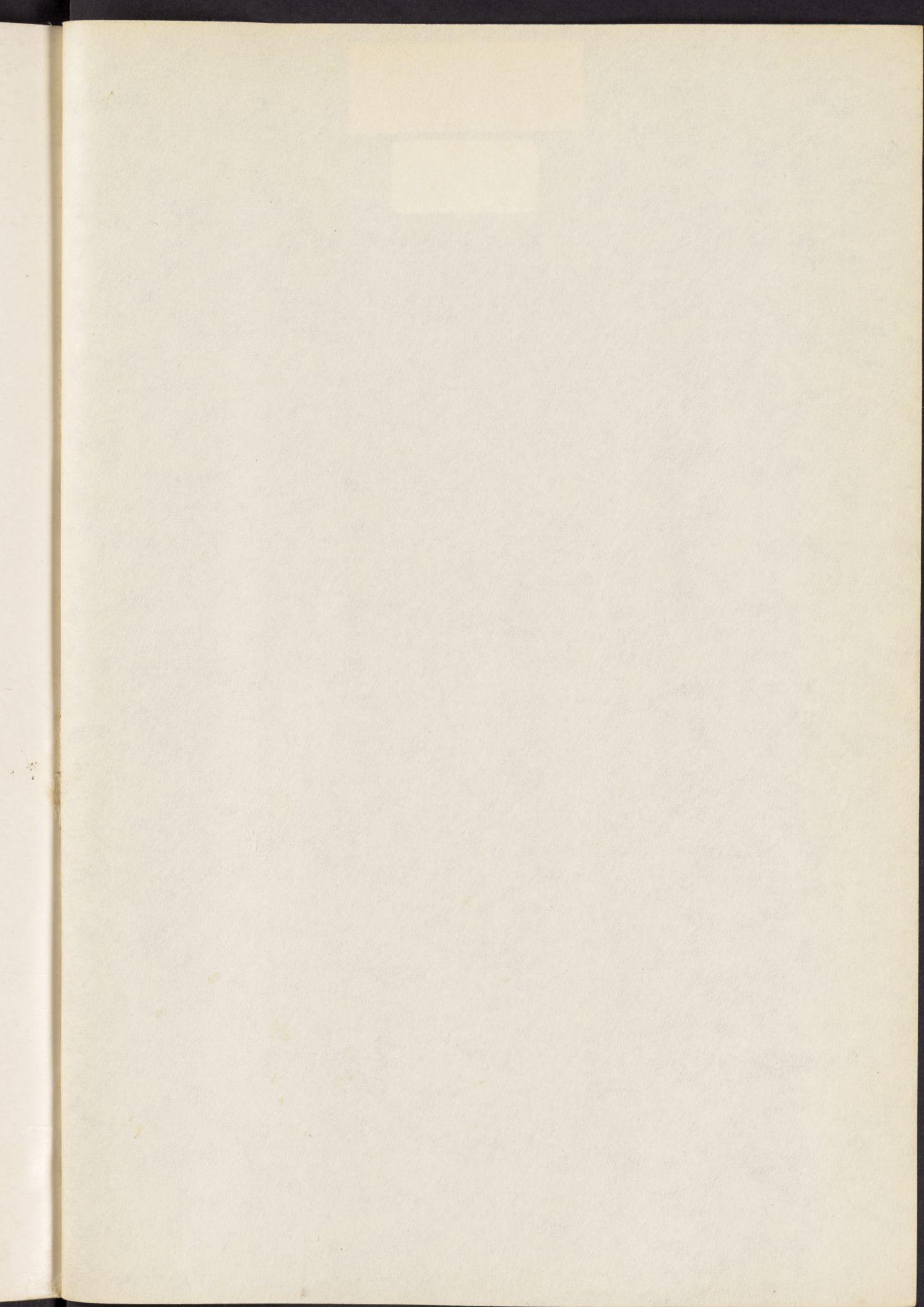
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